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POEMS

BY

MISS H. F. GOULD.

THE

MOTHER'S DREAM,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

HANNAH F. GOULD.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO.
1853.

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POEMS.

APPREHENSION.

"Oh! sister, he is so swift and tall,
Though I want the ride, he will spoil it all,
For, when he sets out, he will let me fall,
And give me a bump, I know!
Mamma, what was it I heard you say,
About the world's hobbies, the other day,
How some would get on and gallop away,
To end with an overthrow?"

"I said, little prattler, the world was a race,
That many would mount with a smile on the face,
And ride to their ruin, or fall in disgrace:
That him, who was deaf to fear,
And did not look out for a rein or a guide,
His courser might cast on the highway side,
In the mud, rocks and brambles, to end his ride,
Perchance with a sigh and a tear!"

"Oh! sister, sister! I fear to try;
For Brutus's back is so live and high!
It creeps at my touch — and he winks his eye —
I'm sure he is going to jump!

Come! dear mother, tell us some more
About the world's ride, as you did before,
Who helped it up — and all how it bore
The fall, and got over the bump!"

THE SUN-DIAL'S MATINS.

THOU god of my worship, my early devotion
I offer unmingled to thee!
I live at thy coming; I go by thy motion;
Thy presence is being to me!

At eve, in the west when thy glories are sinking,
And the spires and the hill tops have caught
Thy parting embrace, then I feel myself sinking,
To pass for awhile into nought.

For man looks estranged, as he never had known me,
Though late he believed me so true;
And, darkness descending, the night will not own me,
But loads me with umbrage and dew!

The moon, a false queen! with reserve seems to chill me,
Her beams are so distant and pale;
The stars, changing glances, with twinkling would kill me,
Should faith in my deity fail.

But I feel on its axle the globe is revolving;
And know with the morn I shall see
Those mimics, so vain, in thy brightness dissolving,
And nature rejoicing in thee.

So, patient I wait, uncomplaining and fearless,
Nor faint when thy face is withdrawn;
For, never has night been so lengthened or cheerless,
It has not been followed by dawn.

I turn not to earth; for she ever has given
Obscurity, vapor and dust;
I ask not of self, but I look up to heaven
For guidance, with hope and with trust.

Though clouds oft have gathered to tempt or persuade me
My god and my faith to deny,
Thy beams, darting through them, have ever repaid me
For placing my treasure on high.

Then, hail to thy rising! bright god, in thy splendor!
While glory is marking thy way,
Darkness and damps their dominion surrender,
And fly from the monarch of day!

O light! thou art truth! though to me but diurnal,
On thee my affections shall feed;
And he, who will look in the Sun-Dial's journal,
My life and its moral may read!

THE LOOSE FEATHER.

'T is wandering down through pathless air,
A lonely thing in a boundless space,
That has lost its way, and knows not where
To find a home, or a resting place.

The fearless breast, where late 't was worn,
Has met the arrow the foeman hurled;
The venturous wing, by which 't was borne
Through clouds, must soon in death be furled.

Poor timorous thing! when it felt the dart,
Where it peaceful lay, how it fluttered and fled;
Nor staid till the blood of the eagle's heart,
To sully and moisten its down, was shed!

And now, as in careless sport, 't is tossed
Above the stream by the whiffling wind!
In the next swift wave 't will be curled and lost,
Nor leave one trace of itself behind.

So fly the joys that warm the breast,
Where they in their downy lightness grew,
When their only home and their native rest
The shaft of sorrow is passing through.

And what shall, again, the wounded heart
And its vanished peace e'er bring together?
Ah! sundered once, they must sink apart,
Like the stricken bird and her falling feather!

THE WHITE CLOUD.

What next—what next, thou changeful thing,
With the feathery breast and the silver wing,
That seem'st, like a lonely bird, to fly
To some distant home, o'er the clear blue sky?
I saw thee suspended, a moment ago,
By a hand unseen, like a wreath of snow,
Withheld from a fall that might give it a stain
So deep it could never be blanched again.
And once thou hast shone in a cluster of flowers,
Pure as if bent from the heavenly bowers,
Defying this valley of shadow and blight
To sully or wither their leaves of light!
I've seen thee, too, pass over my head,
Like a beautiful ship with her sails all spread,
That, laden with treasures too pure and bright
For an earthly touch, or a mortal's sight,
Was proud to some far-off port to bear
Her viewless riches through seas of air!
Again—thou hast seemed as the spirit of love
His mantle had dropped from the realms above,
And 't was floating along, as a sign, to show
To those who should look from the world below,
That their garments must be of a spotless white
Before they can enter a world of light!
Beautiful changeling! now—even now,
I see thee dissolving, I know not how—
Thine atoms are scattered, and, one by one,
Melted and lost in the rays of the sun!

Vapor deceitful! cloud of the morn!
Like thee are the hopes that of earth are born!
Their forms are varying, high and fair;
But melted by light—rent in pieces by air!
Bright vision of falsehood, thou shalt teach
The soul, in her search for joys, to reach
To a world of truth, where deceit is o'er—
Where changes and clouds shall be known no more!

THE GROUND LAUREL.*

I LOVE thee, pretty nursling
Of vernal sun and rain;
For thou art Flora's firstling,
And leadest in her train.

When far away I found thee,
It was an April morn;
The chilling blast blew round thee;
No bud had decked the thorn.

And thou alone wert hiding
The mossy rocks between,
Where, just below them gliding,
The Merrimack was seen.

And while my hand was brushing
The seary leaves from thee,
It seemed that thou wert blushing
To be disclosed to me.

So modest, fair and fragrant,
Where all was wild and rude,
To cheer the lonely vagrant
Who crossed thy solitude,--

*Epigæa Repens.

Thou didst reward my ramble
  By shining at my feet,
When, over brake and bramble,
  I sought thy lone retreat,—

As some sweet flower of pleasure
  Upon our path may bloom,
'Mid rocks and thorns that measure
  Our journey to the tomb!

TO THE MOURNER.

We would not check the starting tear,
  Nor bid thee cease to mourn
The friend thy bosom held most dear
  So early from thee torn;
For, when in death a loved one slept,
Among the sorrowing, "*Jesus wept!*"

But has not Jesus passed the tomb,
  To break its bars away?
And, darting through its fearful gloom
  The beams of endless day,
Does he not, from the other side,
Bid none to fear, since he has died?

And, mourner, will not sighing cease,
  When thou canst look above,
And feel that, from a world of peace,
  Thou hast an angel's love?
That she is safe, where none may fear
Death, pain, or change that wound us here?

When he, who wept at human wo,
  Shall in the clouds appear,
Awaking millions then shall know,
  To those who owned him here,
He is the resurrection!—he,
Life, light and immortality!

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

How well I remember the hovel, that stood
Beyond the green mead, in the skirt of the wood,
For which, in my childhood, I turned from the road
To visit the hag that within it abode;
When, with ninepence, long treasured, so nobly I feed
The wrinkled-browed Sybil, my fortune to read!—
And how, though I'd run, till my breath was nigh spent,
When I came near the hut, I began to relent!
For nightshade and hemlock grew under the eaves,
And seemed to have "*sorcery*" writ on their leaves.
When the feathery group gave their ominous shout,
I thought of the chicks Mother Carey sent out!
Then, there lay old Growler at length on the floor,
And looked like the wicked one keeping the door;
With eyes semi-closed, as inclining to sleep,
But ope'd now and then, for an impious peep;
And even the puss, as she dozed on the hearth,
I thought had a spice of the witch from her birth.

And when the brown seer her wonderful cup,
With thick-settled tea-leaves, had whirled and turned up,
I deemed, as she looked so sagacious within it,
The end of my being was fixed from that minute;

That if the least specks on its sides were deranged,
'T was over—my fortune forever was changed!
With motion suspended, and speech wholly gone,
In wonder and awe, as I stood and looked on,
The few grizzled hairs, from her temples that strayed,
Seemed turning to serpents, that hissed as they played,
Defying the fillet to keep them in check,
Across the deep seams of my oracle's neck.
The thread of my life at that moment seemed hung,
In its many-hued twist, from the tip of her tongue.
And she opened her lips with such bright and fair things,
That, my head all on fire, and my fancy on wings,
I flew to my home, and retired to my bed,
To gild my gay dreamings with all she had said.

But years have since taught me how foolish and vain
Was the "*refuge of lies*," for a pitiful gain.
Of the hut, or its inmate, no vestige is seen
But the mound, where the prophetess sleeps on the green.
My fortune—the path of my life has been made
O'er flowers and o'er brambles—through sunshine and shade—
So changeful and chequered, I would not be told,
One hour, what the leaf of the next may unfold.
While fearless I trust to a finger divine
To point out my footsteps and mark every line,

May I look above earth for a light to my mind,
Till I leave superstition and error behind,
And drop this short lesson to childhood and youth—
"*Shun falsehood!—love science, and seek only truth!*"

SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morn to break,
And color the eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply!"

Then, off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the meadow and bower.
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the pointed thistle and brier;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth, supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a state still higher.

As each, on the good of her sisters bent,
Is busy, and cares for all,
We hope for an evening with hearts content,
For the winter of life without lament
That summer is gone, with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall!

THE CONQUEROR.

THERE's blood on the laurel that wreathes his brow,
And the death-cry delights his ear!
The widow is wailing his victory now;
And his meed is the orphan's tear.

But the might of his arm shall lose its dread,
For a mightier foe comes near!
The plume will be stripped from the conqueror's head
To wave o'er the conqueror's bier!

Alone he must march to the terrible fight,
For there is no army to save!
His glory will set in an endless night,
And his honors be hid in the grave.

He must tread the darksome valley alone,
Assailed by remorse and fear;
Nor rod, nor staff help the traveller on;
Nor is there a comforter near.

He sinks! and none shall his requiem sound,
Or sprinkle his turf with tears;
His head with the clods of the vale is crowned,
And a shroud is the buckler he wears.

But who shall follow the fugitive home
When his last great battle is o'er;
Or sever the curtain that veils the doom
Of a soul on an untried shore?

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone, and lowly spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot?
And there will my course be ended?"
'T was this a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"Oh! no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But then, I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

"And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily, that decks the lea,
In the jessamine-bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness:—
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls, that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

"I'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain:
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers and all beneath,
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies!
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending!
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake;
"But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers, nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart
And return to my native heaven.

For I would be placed in the beautiful Bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow;
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow,
By the promise that God hath given!"

THE BLACK AT CHURCH.

GOD, is thy throne accessible to me—
  Me of the Ethiop skin? May I draw near
Thy sacred shrine, and humbly bend the knee,
  While thy white worshippers are kneeling here?

May I approach celestial purity,
  And not offend thee with my sable face?
This company of saints, so fair to see,
  Behold! already shrink from the disgrace!

Yet, in thine earthly courts, I'll gladly bow
  Behind my fellow-worms, and be denied
Communion with them, will my Lord allow
  That I may come and touch his bleeding side?

In that blest fount have I an equal claim
  To bathe, with all who wear the stain of sin?
Or, is salvation by another name
  Than thine?—or, must the Ethiop change his skin?

Thou art our Maker, and I fain would know
  If thou hast different seats prepared above,
To which the master and the servant go
  To sing the praise of thine eternal love!

There will my buyer urge the price of gold,
Which here, for this uncomely clay he gave,
That he my portion may appoint, and hold
In bondage still, the helpless, trembling slave?

Or, will the dearer ransom, paid for all,
A Saviour's blood, impress me with the seal
Of everlasting freedom from my thrall,
And wash me white, and this crushed spirit heal?

Then will I meekly bear these lingering pains,
And suffer scorn, and be by man opprest,
If at the grave, I may put off my chains,
And thou wilt take me where the weary rest!

THE LITTLE FOOT.

My boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport, thou sink'st to rest;
And on my hand I feel thee put,
In playful dreams, thy little foot,
The thrilling touch sets every string
Of my full heart to quivering;
For, ah! I think, what chart can show
The ways through which this foot may go?

Its print will be, in childhood's hours,
Traced in the garden, round the flowers;
But youth will bid it leap the rills,
Bathe in the dew on distant hills,
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out
When riper years would pause and doubt;
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.

But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,
Will be the ways this foot will seek?
Is it to lightly pace the deck,
Helpless, to slip from off the wreck?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,
Until the bosom now thy pillow,
Is low and cold beneath the willow?

Or, is it for the battle-plain,
Beside the slayer and the slain?
Will there its final step be taken?
There, sleep thine eye no more to waken?
Is it to glory or to shame—
To sully, or to gild thy name?
Is it to happiness or wo
This little foot is made to go?

But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,
Whether in cottage or in hall,
O, may it ever shun the ground
Where'er his foot was never found,
Who, on his path of life, hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon his earthly steps; and none
E'er *dash the foot against a stone!*

Yet, if thy way is marked by fate,
As, guilty, dark and desolate!
If thou must float, by vice and crime,
A wreck, upon the stream of time!
Oh! rather than behold that day,
I'd know this foot, in lightsome play,
Would bound, with guiltless, infant glee,
Upon the sod that sheltered me!

THE WINDS.

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we 're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 't is we;
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower 's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aërial, still, 't is we.
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command.
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back:
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then, lift up your hearts to him, who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient Winds.

THE TRUNK FROM SEA.

STRENGTH of my strength! around me, lest I sink,
  Place thine Almighty arm, and bear me up;
Lest I should faint, and thus refuse to drink,
  When thou, my Father, dost present the cup!
This double trial of the heart and flesh
  How shall I stand, till thou the power supply?
This fearful opening of the wound afresh
  How can I bear, with no physician by?

I knew my son—I knew too well that he
  His dying pillow found upon the wave—
I knew the solemn wailing of the sea
  Was still the dirge o'er his unfathomed grave!
Yet, strange delusion!—worse than vain deceit!
  How oft to this weak fancy did it seem
That still my child and I on earth should meet—
  That I'd been struggling through a troubled
    dream!

For, when he last was folded to my heart,
  The tide of life in his young breast was high;
I from his cheek have seen no rose depart;
  Have marked no lustre fading from his eye.
But now, this awful speaker!—as the lid
  Slowly is raised, its bosom to unveil,
Truth, like a bolt that in the cloud was hid,
  Bursts on my sight, and strikes my spirit pale.

Here is the vesture!—here 's the faithful friend,
Wrapped in deep silence, in its case of gold,
Whose little hand was by him to the end;
Nor rested till its master's hand was cold.
Here is the seal, that all his letters bear;
The chain—the gift that near his heart was worn.
This—sad memorial! 't is *a lock of hair*,
That from his head some careful hand hath shorn!

And here 's the lamp that shone upon his way;
God's everlasting Word, his trust and guide.
It is the food that fed him day by day;
The fountain that his draught of life supplied.
It is the sacred casket whence he took
The goodly pearl that in his crown is set;
The radiant centre where he loved to look
On justice, peace, and truth, and mercy met.

To its pure Author every glowing line,
That forms this hallowed book, he fondly traced.
Thus o'er my soul pour in, O, light divine,
And I will open where his mark is placed!
'T is at the Savior's tomb!—but here, instead
Of the pale clay, are angels shining now!
The grave is broken! for, behold! the dead
Is risen, and sweetly asks, "Why weepest thou?"

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Who is thy neighbor?—see him stand,
With sunken cheek and eye!
Where hunger shows the empty hand
Thy bounty can supply!
Look where the widowed mother pines
For what thou well canst spare;
Where palsied age, in want, reclines,
And see thy neighbor there!

Behold him in the stranger, thrown
Upon a foreign shore,
Who, homeless, friendless, and alone,
Is shivering at thy door!
Go meet him in thine enemy,
And good for evil pay;
And bear in mind, for such as he,
Thy Saviour bids thee pray.

Go seek him in the dungeon's night,
And comfort there impart;
Implore the smile of Heaven to light
That desolated heart.
Look where the son of Afric sighs
For rights enjoyed by thee;
He is thy neighbor!—loose his ties,
And set the captive free!

Columbia, favored of the skies!
How can thy banner wave,
While at thy feet thy neighbor lies
A crushed and fettered slave?
There is a blot among its stars;
A stain upon thy hand;
A mark upon thy face, that mars
The beauty of our land.

Thou, noble tree of liberty,
Should not thy verdure fade
O'er him, who would his neighbor see
Excluded from thy shade?
Did they, who reared thee by their toil,
Not will thy fruit to be,
Alike for all, who tread thy soil,
A harvest sweet and free?

WHAT IS THIS?

Am I dreaming? What is this?
Is it anguish?—is it bliss?
'T is a mingling of the twain;
Doubtful joy and certain pain;
Feeble gleams of morning light
Playing through the shades of night.
Ah! the same unconscious wing
Wafts the honey and the sting!

Quickly passing from the view
Of the mind, that 's fleeting too,
What a vast and varied crowd!
Bridal vesture; funeral shroud;
Robes of honor; weeds of wo;
Oh! the wearers—how they go!
Scarce a glimpse of each is caught,
Ere the vision turns to nought.

Well; and is there nothing more,
When the busy dream is o'er?
Ay; 't is *truth* the waking brings;
'T is a world of *real* things;—
Nothing transient, nothing mixed;
All is clear, and all is fixed.
Be it anguish, be it bliss,
'T is no changing scene like this.

Then, thou slumbering soul, awake!
Let these earthly baubles break!
Let the mildew blight the tree!
Here's no fruit to nourish thee.
Up! and from the ruins haste;
Look not back upon the waste!
Up! and fasten on the prize,
That is offered from the skies.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those, who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn, were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there,
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

With cherub smile the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Those scattered locks, that with the flight
Of fourscore years are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Grand-Pa', what wounded you?"

"My child, 't is five and fifty years
This very day, this very hour,
Since from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay, for freedom slain!

"And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'T is since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

"When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil!
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

"But, should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy Grandsire's trusty sword;
And, undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle-field,
I made the hand of God my shield:
And, be thou spared, like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell."

THE STORM.

Wild are the winds! the heavens are dark!
And he is out on a pathless deep:
Who will manage the weltering bark?
Who o'er him will the night-watch keep?

God of the ocean, earth and air,
Over the high and perilous wave
Carry him safe, for thou art there—
Thine eye is watching; thine arm can save!

Author of light, the skies unveil,
That the shining hosts, from their lofty arch,
May again beam down on his wandering sail,
As in glory they move on their nightly march.

When he has closed his weary eyes,
Lulled by the billows that harmless roll,
Visions of bliss and beauty, rise
In flowery dreams to the waking soul!

But who shall dream, till the storm is past?
Who 'mid the elements' war shall sleep?
Spirit of mercy, hold him fast;
For he is out on an angry deep!

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

She braided a wreath for her silken hair,
And kindled a smile on her sad, pale face;
For a secret hand had been writing there,
In lines that sorrow alone could trace!

She gave a check to the rising sigh,
And sent it again at its source to swell;
While she turned to dash from her tearful eye
A glittering drop, that her tale might tell.

Her foot in the dazzling hall was found,
As lightly the maze of the dance to thread,
While, sportive, she moved to the viol's sound,
As if not a hope of her heart had fled!

Yet she wished, ere a rose in her wreath should die,
Or the smile on her lip should cease to play,
Her head on the pillow of death might lie,
And the suffering chords of her heart give way!

But she poured no plaint in an earthly ear;
Her soul with its secret griefs went up,
Beseeching her God that he would hear—
Withdraw the bitter, or break the cup!

Her prayer was heard, and the sigh was stilled,
As if in her breast it ne'er had been!

The tear, ere it sprang to her eye, was chilled;
And the lids forever had locked it in!

I bent o'er her pale and breathless clay,
As it shone in the light, like a frozen flower,
That stands in the air of a winter's day,
Ere a leaf has drooped at the sunbeam's power!

'T was wrapped in a sweet and holy calm,
That bade each shadow of grief depart!
The spirit had risen to breathe the balm,
Which Gilead sheds for the pure in heart!

A VOICE FROM MOUNT AUBURN.

A voice from Mount Auburn! a voice!—and it said,
"Ye have chosen me out as a home for your dead;
From the bustle of life ye have rendered me free;
My earth ye have hallowed—henceforth I shall be
A garden of graves, where your loved ones shall rest!
O, who will be first to repose on my breast?

"I now must be peopled from life's busy sphere;
Ye may roam, but the end of your journey is here.
I shall call! I shall call! and many will come
From the heart of your crowds to so peaceful a home;
The great and the good, and the young and the old,
In death's dreamless slumbers, my mansions will hold.

"To me shall the child his loved parent resign;
And, mother, the babe at thy breast must be mine!
The brother and sister for me are to part,
And the lover to break from each tie of the heart.
I shall rival the bridegroom and take from his side,
To sleep in my bosom, his beautiful bride.

"And sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie,
Where the dews gently fall and the streams ripple by;

While the birds sing their hymns, amid air-harps, that sound
Through the boughs of the forest-trees whispering around.
And flowers, bright as Eden's, at morning shall spread,
And at eve drop their leaves o'er the slumberer's bed!

"But this is all earthly! While thus ye enclose
A spot where your ashes in peace may repose—
Where the living may come and commune with the dead,
With God and his soul, and with reverence tread
On the sod, which he soon may be sleeping below,—
Have ye chosen the home where the spirit shall go?

"Shall it dwell where the gardens of Paradise bloom,
And flowers are not opening to die on the tomb?
With the song of an angel, a vesture of light,
Shall it live in a world free from shadow and blight;
Where the waters are pure, from a fount never-sealed,
And the secrets of heaven are in glory revealed?

"A day hastens on,—and an arm shall then break
The bars of the tomb—the dread tramp shall awake

The dead from their sleep in the earth and the sea,
And, 'Render up thine!' shall be sounded to me!
Prepare for that hour, that my people may stand,
Unawed by the scene, at the Judge's right hand!"

THE SOLDIER TO HIS PLUME.

Before we go, I've a word to say
To thee, my own white feather;
And then, my plume, we're up and away
To the battle-field together!

I charge thee never to show thy head
Where the feet of a coward bore thee:
Thou must sooner droop, as the blood is shed
From the breast of him who wore thee.

Go up, and nod in the open van,
With dangers gathering round thee;
That the foe may see 't is the foremost man,
Who in his helm has bound thee.

'Mid the din of arms, where the dust and smoke
In clouds are curling o'er thee,
Be firm, till the enemy's ranks are broke,
And they fall, or flee before thee.

Yet, I would not have thee towering stand
O'er him, who 's for mercy crying;
But, bow to the earth, as thy master's hand
Shall raise the faint and the dying.

'T is thus we both may escape from shame,
And come from the field with glory;
And thou shalt be fixed to thy wearer's name,
If ever 't is seen in story.

MY OWN WILD BOWER.

I stood in the halls where wealth and state
Their glittering robes displayed;
Vice, Vanity, Folly, Ambition and Hate
Assembled in masquerade.

From the trappings of fashion, the pomp of pride,
The wiles and deceit of art,
A child of nature, I turned aside,
With a chilled and a sickening heart.

I sighed to return to the hill and the glen,
The scenes of my earliest hours—
To breathe in my native air again,
As it swept through the sweet wild flowers.

I longed to recline on the violet bed,
Close down by the murmuring stream,
Where oft I have pillowed my infant head,
And sunk in a blissful dream.

Then, my moments of life were rapid and bright
As the rivulet sparkling there;
And the hearts that surrounded me true as light,
And pure as the woodland air.

The velvet couch and the gilded hall,
Gay visions of pomp and power,
Art, fashion and show, I would give you all
For a seat in my own wild bower!

THE CORONATION.

A GRAND coronation is near!
But who is to hallow the rite?
On whom is the crown to appear?
And who is to witness the sight?

That splendor no mortal must see,
Nor join in a throng so august;
For all who are there will be free
From sorrow, from stain, and from dust!

The streets will have pavements of gold,
Which the glorious company tread;
The King will the diadem hold,
To place on his follower's head.

For he, who so feeble and pale
On the pillow of death lowly lies,
Shall find that his path through the vale
Leads out to a life in the skies.

And when his pure forehead is crowned
With light that is never to fade,
The harps of the angels shall sound—
The treasures above be displayed.

The righteous has now but to die;
The soldier has finished his fight;
His grand coronation is nigh—
But earth must not witness the sight.

THE DEPARTURE.

See the sun at close of day,
  Calmly gliding down the west;
Mark the soft and fading ray,
Lingering, to denote the way
  Where he sinks to rest!

So, in peace, her spirit fled,
  Bright amid the shades of death;
And around her dying bed,
Mild and heavenly radiance shed
  At the parting breath.

When from earthly pain and grief,
  From the world's deceit and sin,
Full of hope, she sought relief,
Full of days, a golden sheaf,
  She was gathered in.

She had fought the goodly fight;
  She her Father's will had done;
Till her raven locks were white,
Long, to wear a crown of light,
  She the race had run.

Then, are sighs and tears for me?
  Shall this aching heart repine,
Mourning still, dear friend, for thee?
Or its better purpose be
  Life and death like thine?

THE WEEPER.

Saw ye the mourner reclining
  Where the damp earth was her bed,
And the young ivy-vines twining,
  Mantled the house of the dead?

Heard ye the voice of the weeper
  Rise with the herald of day,
Calling aloud to the sleeper,
  Bidding him hasten away?

Felt ye her wild notes of sorrow
  Thrilling your bosom with pain?
Dark is the wanderer's morrow—
  So she must slumber again!

Dim is her glimmering taper;
  Fast she is sinking to rest;
Soon shall the evening vapor
  Gather unfelt, o'er her breast.

Sorrow too long has been wearing
  String after string from her heart;
Now, her own finger is bearing
  On the last thread that can part!

Cold was the draught she has tasted;
  Pale are the lips it has passed;

Now, every sand-grain is wasted;
Death has released her at last!

She, who so lately was weeping,
Wounded, despairing and lost,
At rest is now quietly sleeping!
Life's troubled waters are crossed!

THE DYING EXILE.

WHO will stand, when I shall pillow
In the earth this aching head,
Pensive, by the drooping willow,
O'er my cold and narrow bed?

There will be no tender mother,
Aged sire, nor constant friend;
There will be no sister, brother,
O'er my lonely grave to bend.

Strangers then will heedless bear me
Where the stranger's dust must lie;
Yet, the offering none will spare me
Of a tear, while thus I die.

They behold my life-strings sever
At the conqueror's final blow;
But the heart that's breaking—never
They its inward pangs shall know.

Come, ye whispering airs of heaven,
Take my sighs, my last adieu
To the country whence I 'm driven,
To the friends to whom I 'm true!

Let them know I 've ceased to languish;
Tell them I am freed from pain;

That my bosom swelled with anguish,
Till its chords all snapped in twain.

Say, my last regrets were centred,
All my fondness lingered there,
Till upon a home I entered
Free from banishment and care:

That my glad, unburdened spirit
Soared triumphantly at last;
That a country I inherit
Worth all sighs and anguish past.

Faith and hope, your strength is doubling!
Soon that home will be possessed,
"*Where the wicked cease from troubling,*
And the weary are at rest."

THE STAR.

Ever beaming, still I hang,
Bright as when my birth I sang
From chaotic night,
In the boundless azure dome,
Where I 've made my constant home,
Till thousand, thousand years have come
To sweep earth's things from sight!

Mortals, I unchanging view
Every change that sports with you
On your shadowy ball.
All below my native skies,
Here I mark how soon it dies;
How your proudest empires rise,
Flourish, shake, and fall!

Wealth and splendor, pomp and pride,
I 've beheld you laid aside;
Love and hate forgot!
Fame, ambition, glory, power,
You I 've seen enjoy your hour;
Beauty, withering as a flower,
While I altered not!

Him, whose sceptre swayed the world,
I have seen aghast, and hurled
From his lofty throne.

Monarch's form and vassal's clay
Turned to dust and swept away:
E'en to tell where once they lay,
I am left alone!

When I've been, from age to age,
Questioned by the lettered sage
What a star might be,
I've answered not; for soon, I knew,
He'd have a clearer, nobler view,
And look the world of mysteries through
In vast eternity!

Mortals, since ye pass as dew,
Seize the promise made for you
Ere your day is o'er.
The righteous, says a page divine,
Are as the firmament to shine;
And like the stars, when I and mine
Are quenched to beam no more!

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

HERE 's the last food your poor mother can bring!
  Take it, my suffering brood!
Oh! they have stricken me under the wing;
  See, it is dripping with blood!

Fair was the morn, and I wished them to rise
  And taste of its beauties with me;
The air was all fragrance, all splendor the skies;
  And bright shone the earth and the sea.

Little I thought, when so freely I went,
  Spending my earliest breath
To wake them with song, it could be their intent
  To pay me with arrows and death!

Fear that my nestlings would feel them forgot
  Helped me, a moment, to fly;
Else, I had given up life on the spot,
  Under my murderer's eye.

Feeble and faint, I have reached you, at length,
  Over the hill and the plain,
Strewing my feathers, and losing my strength,
  Wounded and throbbing with pain!

Yet, I can never brood o'er you again,
  Closing you under my breast!
Its coldness would chill you; my blood would but
    stain
And spoil the warm down in your nest.

Ere the night-coming, your mother will lie
  Motionless, under the tree—
Helpless and silent, I still shall be nigh,
  While ye are moaning for me!

TO THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Mysterious tie by the Hand above,
  Which nothing below must part!
Thou visible image of faithful love,
  Firm union of heart and heart;
The mind to her utmost bound may run,
  And summon her light in vain
To scan the *twain* that must still be *one;*
  The *one* that will still be *twain!*

The beat of this bosom forbears to reach
  Where the other distinctly goes;
Yet, the stream that empurples the veins of each
  Through the breast of his brother flows!
One grief must be felt by this two-fold mark,
  As the points of a double dart;
And the joy lit up by a single spark
  Is sunshine in either heart.

O wonder, to baffle poor human skill
  In clay of the human mould!
But a greater mystery all must still,
  In the union of souls, behold.
Ye are living harps, by your silken strings
  In a heavenly concord bound;
And who o'er one but a finger flings
  Awakens you both to sound.

But, what do you do when your slumbers come,
  When ye've sweetly sunken to rest?
Do your spirits, side by side, fly home,
  Still linked, to your mother's breast?
Did ye ever dream that your bond was broke;
  That ye were asunder thrown?
And how did ye feel at the severing stroke,
  When each was forever alone?

No—ye would not think of yourselves apart,
  Even in fancy's wildest mood,
For each would seem but a broken heart,
  And the world but a solitude!
Dear youths, may your lives be a flowery way,
  And, watched by your Maker's eye,
May both, at the close, one call obey
  To shine as twin stars on high!

WARNING FROM THE GOLD MINE.

Ye, who rend my bed of earth,
Mark me! from my lowly birth,
Ye to light in me will bring
What will rise to be your king!
I shall rule with tyrant sway,
Till ye rue my natal day!
High and low my power shall own,
For I'll make the world my throne!

And my worshippers shall be
Martyrs, dupes, or slaves to me.
Love and friendship, on the way
To their idol, they will slay.
Conscience—I will still her cry;
Truth for me shall bleed and die!
I will prove a chain to bind
Down to earth the immortal mind!

Though ye try me by the fire,
This will only heat my ire.
Though my form ye oft may change,
'T will but give me wider range!
For my sake the poor shall feel
On his face, his neighbor's heel.
Then I'll turn, and, taking wing,
Leave with avarice but a sting!

I will be a spur to crime,
Ye shall sell your peace through time;
And a long eternity
Of remorse shall come by me!
Now I 'm here without defence;
But, if once I 'm taken hence,
Man shall eat the bitter fruit
Springing from a golden root!

THE FROZEN DOVE.

Away, from the path, silly dove,
Where the foot, that may carelessly tread,
Will crush thee!—what! wilt thou not move?
Alas! thou art stiffened and dead!

Allured by the brightness of day,
To sink 'mid the shadows of night,
Too far from the cote didst thou stray,
And sadly has ended thy flight!

For here with the snow at thy breast,
With thy wings folded close to thy side,
And crouched in the semblance of rest,
Alone, of the cold thou hast died!

Poor bird! thou hast pictured the fate
Of many in life's changeful day,
Who, trusting, have found but too late
What smiles may be lit to betray.

How oft for illusions that shine
In a cold and pitiless world,
Benighted and palsied like thine,
Has the wing of the spirit been furled!

And hearts the most tender and light,
In their warmth, to the earth have been thrown,
'Mid the chills of adversity's night,
To suffer and perish alone!

THE DYING STORM.

I AM feeble, pale and weary,
And my wings are nearly furled!
I have caused a scene so dreary,
I am glad to quit the world!
With bitterness I'm thinking
On the evil I have done,
And to my caverns sinking
From the coming of the sun.

The heart of man will sicken
In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken
With an everlasting blight!
For widely, in my madness,
Have I poured abroad my wrath;
And, changing joy to sadness,
Scattered ruin on my path.

Earth shuddered at my motion,
And my power in silence owns;
But the deep and troubled ocean
O'er my deeds of horror moans!
I have sunk the brightest treasure;
I've destroyed the fairest form:
I have sadly filled my measure,
And am now a dying storm!

THE FLY'S REVENGE.

"So," said a fly, as he paused and thought
How he had just been brushed about,
"They think, no doubt, I am next to nought—
Put into life but to be put out!

"Just as if when our Maker planned
His mighty scheme, He had quite forgot
To grant the work of his skilful hand,
The peaceful fly, an abiding spot!

"They grudge me even a breath of air,
A speck of earth, and a ray of sun
This is more than a fly can bear:
Now I'll pay them for what they've done!"

First he lit on the idle thumb
Of a poet; and "now for your thoughts!" said he,
"Wherever they soar, I'll make them come
Down, from their towering flight, to me!"

He went and tickled the nasal tip
Of a scholar, and over his eye-brow stung,
Till he raised his hand, and his brain let slip
A chain of gems, that had just been strung.

Off to a crowded church he flew,
And over the faces boldly stepped;
Pointing out to the pastor's view,
How many sheep in the pasture slept.

He buzzed about at a lady's ear,
Just as a youth, with piteous sigh,
Popped the question she would not hear,
And only answered, "*A saucy fly!*"

He washed his feet in the worthless tear
A belle at the theatre chanced to weep;
"*Rouge* in the bath!" he cried, "my dear,
Your cheek has a blush that is not skin deep!"

On the astronomer's pointed glass
He leisurely stood and stretched his wing;
For here, he knew, he was sure to pass
For quite a great and important thing.

"Now is the time," said he, "my man,
To measure the fly from head to heel!
Number the miles, and, if you can,
Name the planets that I conceal.

"What do you call the twinkling star
Over the spot where you see me tread;
And the beautiful cluster of lights afar,
Ranged in the heavens above my head?

"Ah! it is *station* that swells us all,
  At once, to a size that were else unknown!
And now, if ever I hear you call
  My race an order beneath your own,

"I 'll tell the world of this comic scene;
  And how will they laugh to hear that I,
Small as you think me, can stand between
  You and your views of the spacious sky!"

THE VOICE OF THE EAGLE.

Lady, the fairest flowers the morn disclosed
Are glowing on thy bosom; while within,
Thousands of clustering joys are still in bud;
And thy fond heart has sweetly promised thee,
Ere the bland violet shall hang its head,
That they shall be full blown. Thy mild blue eye,
With warm affection beaming, wistful looks
Far o'er the treacherous deep, as calm it lies
Beneath the splendor of a summer sky,
And thou dost woo each billow sparkling there
To bring thy lover's bark safe back to shore.
Yon shining thing, on the horizon hung,
That trails its silver fringe along the waves,
And in the distance seems as sea or air
Might either claim it, thou dost think the sail
That is to waft him to thine arms again.
But 't is deceitful vapor—false as bright!
For this bold wing has swept the snowy cloud,
And found it nothing, soon to pass away,
As pass the hopes that mock the human heart.

O lady! there's a secret known to me;
To me alone—and when the fatal dart
Shall part the down upon the eagle's breast,
To stain its whiteness with the crimson drops,
'T will never, never make my heart to ache

As thine, when thou the mournful tale shall hear.
For thou must sicken—thou must droop and pine,
Yea, fade and perish like the tender flower,
That thou hast severed from its parent stem,
Ere he, whose life was root and stem to thine,
Shall meet thee more.

It was a stilly hour—
You might have heard the tiny sparrow's flight;
For, not the coward poplar shook a leaf;
And I had soared to breathe in upper air,
Leaving my nest beneath the tall lone pine,
Whose strong root fastened in the craggy bound
That limited the ocean. Suddenly
It seemed some mighty, sable pinions spread
O'er yonder azure vault, which grew so dark,
I thought 't was night, without or moon, or star,
And hastened home to seek my callow brood.
Then there were rushing, deep and awful sounds;
The pine was twisted, and its roots uptorn.
Frighted, I cowered, and pressed me 'gainst the shore,
To make the fluttering of my bosom cease—
There saw my tender nestlings headlong hurled
Down, down the beetling cliff, amid the foam
Which the mad waters dashed against the shore,
Maddening the more that earth repelled their force.
The wild and warring winds then onward whirled,
The gloomy forest roared, and reeled and fell.
The quick, red lightning, with its fiery point,

Engraved its path upon the yielding flint;
And, overhead, the chariot wheels of Power
In blackness rolled across the frowning heavens,
With noise, which seemed as that stupendous arch
Were rattling down, to crush the world beneath.
Just then, a ship came struggling in the bay,
With cables parted, bow and anchors lost—
Her life-boat weltering in the distant surge;
Now she was tossed high up the mountain waves,
Then into gaping watery caverns thrown—
And when she struck the consummating rock,
While she was parting, I beheld the crew,
Trembling, with faces paler than the sheets
Hung, rent and fluttering round them; but there beamed
From every eye a fire so strangely bright,
It seemed its radiance might have lasted lives.
One fell despairing from the loosening shroud,
Another wildly clasped the shivered mast;
And some, with hands upraised, as if they sought
To meet an arm extended from on high,
By which to hold them from their yawning graves,
Were going to kneel. He who was last—
The feeble lone one on the mighty deep,
Clinging a moment to a floating beam,
While his bright locks, that late so closely curled,
All darkened, wet and heavy, fell apart,
Leaving his smooth, white forehead, marble cold,
Thrice, with his latest breath, called out thy name,
As the black meeting billows closed him in.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.*

Ay! young dreamer, this is the hour
For the tablet to glow by the pencil's power!
When the soul is pure, and warm, and new,
And believes that the world, like itself, is true—
When the sky is cloudless, the eye is bright,
And gives to its objects its own clear light;
Now is the time, while the heart is single,
For the painter's touch—for the hues to mingle!
Now the portions of light and shade
Will on the delicate sketch be laid
To stand indelibly, all between
Life's gay morn and its closing scene!

Honors may bloom on thy future way;
And the rays of glory around thee play.
But Fame's best laurels never will be
So dear as thy sister's wreath to thee!
For, they will not set on a cloudless brow
And a silken curl, as we see them now!

* An engraving originally accompanied this poem, representing a boy seated on a flowery bank, with pencil and book, sketching from the natural objects around him. His little sister, who has playfully twined a wreath of budding flowers about his brow, sits beside him, looking into his sketch-book. In the distance is seen an old and ivy-mantled castle, supposed to be the home of the children in the foreground.

Fame will her envied crown prepare
For the whitening locks and the brow of care.
Its clustering leaves will not be lit
By the smile of a child, who has braided it!
As thy native castle, sublimely grand,
A beautiful structure, thou mays't stand
High and unmoved by the tempest's strife,
The bolt and the blast of the storms of life.
But should it be thus, there must come a day
When thy house will shake, and its strength decay;
When the light that will gild its crumbling towers
Must be left by the sun of thy childish hours!
Then, may their memory, like the vine,
Mantling over the ruin, twine,
And, spreading a living vesture, climb
To cover the rust and the tooth of time,
And curtain with verdure the mouldering walls,
Which shall not fade till the fabric falls!

Sister, gather the buds of Spring,
All dewy and bright, as they 're opening!
Treasure them up from the frost and blight,
For a lowering day and a starless night;
And they will be fresh in thy bosom still,
When all without may be dark and chill.
Another will seek to be crowned by thee
Lord of thy heart and thy destiny!
Thou may'st bestow, in thy riper years,
Laurels to water with daily tears.

Then will memory love to come
Through mist and shade, to thine early home,
Within the halo that brightly beams
Around the scene of thine infant dreams.
Again thou wilt playfully sit, and look
On the artless sketch of thy brother's book,
And own no moment of earthly bliss
So pure, so holy, and sweet as this!

Children, Time is a fleeting day,
The brighter its scenes, the sooner away!
Look to the mansion, and seek the crown
That shall not decay when the sun goes down!

THE METEOR.

Ye, who look with wondering eye,
Tell me what in me ye find,
As I shoot across the sky,
But an emblem of your kind!

Darting from my hidden source,
I behold no resting place;
But must ever urge my course
Onward, till I end my race!

While I keep my native height,
I appear to all below
Radiant with celestial light,
That is brightening as I go.

When I lose my hold on heaven,
Down to shadowy earth I tend,
From my pure companions driven;
And in darkness I must end!

THE EMPALED BUTTERFLY.

"Ho!" said a butterfly, "here am I,
Up in the air, who used to lie
Flat on the ground, for the passers by
To treat with utter neglect!
None will suspect that I am the same
With a bright, new coat, and a different name;
The piece of nothingness whence I came,
In me they 'll never detect.

"That horrible night of the chrysalis,
That brought me at length to a day like this,
In the form of beauty—a state of bliss,
Was little enough to give
From freedom to range from bower to bower,
To flirt with the buds and flatter the flower,
And shine in the sunbeams hour by hour,
The envy of all that live.

"This is a world of curious things,
Where those who crawl and those that have wings
Are ranked in the classes of beggars and kings;
No matter how much the worth
May be on the side of those who creep,
Where the vain, the light, and the bold will sweep
Others from notice, and proudly keep
Uppermost on the earth!

"Many a one that has loathed the sight
Of the piteous worm, will take delight
In welcoming me, as I look so bright
In my new and beautiful dress.
But some I shall pass with a scornful glance,
Some with elegant *nonchalance*,
And others will woo me, till I advance
To give them a slight caress."

"Ha!" said the pin, "you are just the one
Through which I 'm commissioned, at once, to run
From back to breast, till, your fluttering done,
Your form may be fairly shown.
And when my point shall have reached your heart,
'T will be like a balm to the wounded part,
To think how you will be copied by art;
And your beauty will all be known!"

THE BREAST-PIN.

COME, thou dear, thou hallowed treasure,
Make thy home upon my breast,
Till my days have filled their measure,
Till I, too, am gone to rest!

Not because I love your glitter,
Dazzling gold and sparkling stone,
For your charms have dashed with bitter
Life's whole fount for many a one.

Not for these, bright gift, I 'm taking
Thee to be my bosom friend!
'T is for thoughts that thou art waking,
Memory, but at death to end!

That sweet face, so pale and altered,
Painted here, can fancy see,
Every fainting word that faltered
On her lip, I read in thee.

May thy sacred name be spoken
Never to the mortal ear!
For, *a dying sister's token*,
I baptize thee with a tear!

THE WINTER BURIAL.

THE deep-toned bell peals long and low
On the keen, mid-winter air;
A sorrowing train moves sad and slow
From the solemn place of prayer.

The earth is in a winding-sheet,
And nature wrapped in gloom,
Cold, cold the path which the mourners' feet
Pursue to the waiting tomb!

They follow one, who calmly goes
From her own loved mansion-door,
Nor shrinks from the way through gathered snows,
To return to her home no more.

A sable line, to the drift-crowned hill
The narrow pass they wind;
And here, where all is drear and chill,
Their friend they leave behind.

The silent grave they're bending o'er,
A long farewell to take;
One last, last look, and then, no more
Till the dead shall all awake!

THE ROBE.

'T was not the robe of state,
Which the high and the haughty wear,
That my busy hand, as the lamp burnt late,
Was hastening to prepare.

It had no clasp of gold,
No diamond's dazzling blaze
For the festive board; nor the graceful fold
To float in the dance's maze.

'T was not to wrap the breast,
With gladness, light and warm,
For the bride's attire—for the joyous guest;
Nor to clothe the sufferer's form.

'T was not the garb of wo
We wear o'er an aching heart,
When our eyes with bitter tears o'erflow,
And our dearest ones depart.

'T was what we all must bear
To the cold, the lonely bed!
'T was the spotless uniform they wear
In the chambers of the dead!

I saw a fair, young maid
In the snowy vesture drest;
So pure, she looked as one arrayed
For the mansions of the blest.

A smile had left its trace
On her lip at the parting breath,
And the beauty in that lovely face
Was fixed with the seal of death!

THE CHOICE OF A PRIZE.

Thou, who may'st not have fixed upon the prize
For which on life's arena thou will strive,
Come to the tomb, and, as its doors unfold
To give admittance to the weary guests,
Who fast are gathering at the destined goal,
Cast in thy glance, and ask the inmates here
What 's worth the winning!
Is it Beauty's palm
That shall enkindle thy supreme desire?
'T is here a withered thing, thrown by, forgot!
On Beauty's features, see, her sister feeds
Not with the better zest, that they were once
Bright with the rose and lily, and the light
Of an immortal spark!
Is Power thine aim?
The phantom! how it vanishes from sight!
Here lies the head, that nodded kingdoms down;
The hand that moved, and nations felt the shock!
Bid them but lift themselves, and they will prove
The date, the worth of power!
Does Pleasure hold
Her sweet allurements out for thy pursuit?
Beware! beware! see on this new-cut stone
The name of him who lived not half his days!
He swam in Pleasure's sea, and was ingulfed
By giddy whirlpool, ere his sun had gained
Its mid-day height!

Hast thou a steady eye
To Honor, Splendor, Glory, Fame, or Gold,
As an attainment worth the toil of life,
The mortal race?
The mighty leveller
Admits of no distinction where he reigns,
Save 'twixt himself and those beneath his throne.

Honor!—Oh, how it dwindles into nought!
None shrinks aside to yield the highest place
To him, who cometh where the sleepers are!

Splendor!—the covering of the vassal's couch
Is bright as his, whose fitful, guilty dream
Was under silken drapery! Lord and slave,
In death's calm fellowship, sleep side by side.

Glory!—The damps and shadows of the grave
Put out the brightest halo earth can light!

Fame!—Can her trump delight this slumberer;
Or pour in sweetness to his heavy ear?
Her loudest blast is passing, empty air
To him, who here retires to lay him down,
Crushing the laurels he has proudly worn!

Gold!—Is the miser clenching here the key
To wealth, for which he sold the key of heaven?
His gold is strewn, as dust upon the wind,
Though he, who bought it with eternal life,

Hugged it until he felt his soul required,
And earth, withdrawing, leave him to the waves
That take the dross, which never shall consume!

Shall aught of these invite thee?
"Oh! no! no!
Beauty—may that of holiness be mine!
May *power* be given me to o'ercome the world!
For *pleasure*, may I have a hand to pour
The oil and wine upon another's wound!
For *honor*, may I bear my Saviour's cross;
For *splendor*, light that from his follower beams;
And be my *glory*, his approving smile.
My *fame*, the world's reproaches for his sake;
My *wealth*, a conscience where no rust corrodes—
One that may look into a coming world,
As nature shall dissolve, and feel secure!
With these to aid me in the mortal strife,
May I the palm of victory o'er the grave
Make my immortal prize!"

THE LILY.

IMPERIAL beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
What flower of earth has honor high as thine,—
To find its name on His unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven?
In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines—
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds
That, wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep!
I will not praise thee, then; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower! The sweetest, purest thoughts
Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green, polished stalk, that puts them forth!
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of His soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a fair specimen of skill divine;
And, pointing out the *Lily of the field*,
Declared, the wisest of all Israel's kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee!

MOUNT OLIVET.

THOU sacred mount, on whose pale forehead now
A desert quiet reigneth, ere the soul
Goes up to sit in meditation there,
She shall put off this world, with all its cares
And fading glory, to commune alone
With God, and with herself, on themes divine!
Thought, on swift wing, darts o'er the dubious waves
Where things promiscuous, by three thousand years,
Are swept together in one shadowy deep,
And rests on Olivet!
She here beholds,
Fleeing for refuge from a wicked son,
And with a wounded spirit bowed to earth,
The minstrel king, in bitter anguish come,
Showering the mountain with a father's tears
For his rebellious child!
But richer drops,
From purer eyes, and by a mightier One,
For thousands sunk in sin, have since been shed,
Where David mourned the guilt of Absalom!
The King of kings stood here; and looking down,
Wept o'er Jerusalem! Here, too, he led,
From the last supper, when the hymn was sung,
His few grieved followers out, in that drear night,

When, in the garden, on the mountain's slope,
His agony wrung forth the crimson drops!
While these sad pictures, hung upon thy sides,
Thou consecrated height, dissolve the heart
In pious sorrow; yet thy brow is crowned
With a bright, glorious scene!
Now, O my soul,
On the blest summit light a holy flame!
From the last foot-print of the Prince of peace,
The Conqueror of death, let incense rise,
And enter heaven with thine ascending Lord!
Shake off the chains and all the dust of earth!
Go up and breathe in the sweet atmosphere
His presence purified, as he arose!
Come! from the Mount of Olives pluck thy branch,
And bear it, like a dove, to yon bright ark
Of rest and safety!

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave;
For I have a bed of coral for thee,
And quiet and sound shall thy slumber be
In a cell in the Mermaid's cave!

On a pillow of pearls thine eye shall sleep,
And nothing disturb thee there;
The fishes their silent vigils shall keep;
There shall be no grass thy grave to sweep,
But the silk of the Mermaid's hair.

And she, who is waiting with cheeks so pale,
As the tempest and ocean roar,
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail
Come whitening up to the shore—

She has not long to linger for thee!
Her sorrows will soon be o'er;
For the cord shall be broken, the prisoner free;
Her eye shall close, and her dreams will be
So sweet, she will wake no more!

THE CONSIGNMENT.

FIRE, my hand is on the key,
  And the cabinet must ope!
I shall now consign to thee,
  Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
  To thy care I hence entrust:
Not a word must thou impart,
  But reduce them all to dust.

This—in childhood's rosy morn,
  This was gaily filled and sent.
Childhood is forever gone;
  Here—devouring element.
This was friendship's cherished pledge;
  Friendship took a colder form:
Creeping on its gilded edge,
  May the blaze be bright and warm!

These—the letter and the token,
  Never more shall meet my view!
When the faith has once been broken,
  Let the memory perish too!
This—'t was penned while purest joy
  Warmed the heart and lit the eye:
Fate that peace did soon destroy;
  And its transcript now will I!

This must go! for, on the seal
When I broke the solemn yew,
Keener was the pang than steel;
'T was a heart-string breaking too!
Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
Blistered o'er by many a tear.
Hence! thou waking shade of grief!
Go, forever disappear!

This is his, who seemed to be
High as heaven, and fair as light;
But the visor rose, and he—
Spare, O memory! spare the sight
Of the face that frowned beneath,
While I take it, hand and name,
And entwine it with a wreath
Of the purifying flame!

These—the hand is in the grave,
And the soul is in the skies,
Whence they came! 'T is pain to save
Cold remains of sundered ties!
Go together, all, and burn,
Once the treasures of my heart!
Still, my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part!

THE MUSICAL BOX.

My little friend, 't is a stormy day,
  But we are left together;
I to listen, and thou to play;
  So we 'll not heed the weather.
The clouds may rise, and the tempest come,
  The winds and the rain may beat:
With thee to gently play "Sweet Home,"
  I feel that home is sweet!

The yellow leaf, from the shivering tree,
  On Autumn's blast is flying;
But a spirit of life enshrined in thee,
  While all abroad is dying,
Calls up the shadows of many a year,
  With their joys that were bright as brief;
And, if perchance it start the tear,
  'T is not the tear of grief.

'T is a hallowed offering of the soul,
  From her purest fountain gushing;
A warm, bright gift, that has spurned control,
  To the eye for freedom rushing;
As music's angel, hovering near
  To touch the tender key,
The numbers of a higher sphere
  Is pouring forth from thee.

And while his powerful, magic hand
O'er memory's chords is sweeping,
To wake and bring from the spirit-land
The things that else were sleeping—
It lifts my thoughts to a world to come,
Where those parted here shall meet,
From the storms of life secure at home,
And sing, that home is sweet!

ADDRESS TO THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

Thou wondrous cause of speculation,
Of deep research and cogitation,
Of many a head, and many a nation,
While all in vain
Have tried their wits to answer whether,
In silver, gold, steel, silk or leather,
Or human parts, or all together,
Consists thy brain!

When first I viewed thine awful face,
Rising above that ample case,
Which gives thy cloven foot a place,
Thy double shoe,
I marvelled whether I had seen
Old Nick himself, or a machine,
Or something fixed midway between
The distant two!

A sudden shuddering seized my frame;
With feeling that defies a name,
Of wonder, horror, doubt, and shame,
The *tout ensemble*,
I deemed thee formed with power and will;
My hair rose up—my blood stood still,
And curdled with a fearful chill,
Which made me tremble.

I thought if, e'en within thy glove,
Thy cold and fleshless hand should move
To rest on me, the touch would prove
    Far worse than death;
That I should be transformed, and see
Thousands and thousands gaze on me,
A living, moving thing, like thee,
    Devoid of breath.

When busy, curious, learned and wise
Regard thee with inquiring eyes,
To find wherein thy mystery lies,
    On thy stiff neck,
Turning thy head with grave precision,
Their optic light and mental vision
Alike defying, with decision,
    Thou giv'st them "*check!*"

Some say a little man resides
Between thy narrow, bony sides;
And round the world within thee rides:
    Absurd the notion!
For what's the human thing 't would lurk
In thine unfeeling breast, Sir Turk,
Performing thus, thine inward work,
    And outward motion?

Some whisper that thou 'rt he, who fell
From Heaven's high courts, down, down, to dwell
In that deep place of sulphury smell
    And lurid flame.

Thy keeper then deserves a pension,
For seeking out this wise invention
To hold thee harmless, in detention,
Close at thy game.

Now, though all Europe has confessed,
That in thy master Maelzel's breast
Hidden, thy secret still must rest,
Yet, 't were great pity,
With all our intellectual light,
That none should view thy nature right,—
But thou must leave in fog and night
Our keen-eyed city.

Then, just confide in me, and show,
Or tell, how things within thee go!
Speak in my ear so quick and low
None else shall know it.
But, mark me! if I should discover
Without thine aid, thy secret mover,
With thee forever all is over,
I 'll quickly blow it!

THE EMPTY BIRD'S NEST.

And thou, my sad, little, lonely nest,
Hast oft been sought as the peacéful rest
Of a weary wing and a guiltless breast!
  But where is thy builder now?
And what has become of the helpless brood,
For which the mother, with daily food,
Came flitting so light, through the spicy wood,
  To her home on the waving bough?

The fowler, perhaps, has hurled the dart,
Which the parent bird has received in her heart;
And her tender orphans are scattered apart,
  So wide, they never again
In thy warm, soft cell of love can meet,
And thou hast been filled with the snow and the
  sleet,
By the hail and the winds have thy sides been beat,
  And drenched by the pitiless rain.

Though great was the toil which thy building cost,
With thy fibres so neatly coiled and crossed,
And thy lining of down, thou art lorn and lost,
  A ruin beyond repair!
So I 'll take thee down, as I would not see
Such a sorrowful sight on the gay green tree;
And when I have torn thee, thy parts shall be,
  Like thy tenants, dispersed in air.

Thou hast made me to think of each heart-woven
tie;
Of the child's first home, and of her, whose eye
Watched fondly o'er those, who were reared to die,
Where the grave of a distant shore
Received to its bosom the stranger's clay;
For when, as thy birds, they had passed away,
'T was not to return, and the mother and they
In time were to meet no more!

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL.

It must be so, poor, fading, mortal thing!
And now we part, thou pallid form of clay;
Thy hold is broke—I can unfurl my wing;
And from the dust the spirit must away!

As thou, at night, hast thrown thy vesture by,
Tired with the day, to seek thy wonted rest,
Fatigued with time's vain round, 't is thus that I
Of thee, frail covering, myself divest.

Thou know'st, while journeying in this thorny road,
How oft we 've sighèd and struggled to be twain;
How I have longed to drop my earthly load,
And thou, to rest thee from thy toil and pain.

Then he, who severs our mysterious tie,
Is a kind angel, granting each release;
He 'll seal thy quivering lip and sunken eye,
And stamp thy brow with everlasting peace.

When thou hast lost the beauty that I gave,
And life's gay scenes no more will give thee place,
Thou may'st retire within the secret grave,
Where none shall look upon thine altered face.

But I am summoned to the eternal throne,
To meet the presence of the King most high;

I go to stand, unshrouded and alone,
Full in the light of God's all-searching eye.

There must the deeds, which we together wrought,
Be all remembered—each a witness made;
The outward action and the secret thought
Before the silent soul must there be weighed.

Lo! I behold the seraph throng descend
To waft me up where love and mercy dwell!
Away, vain fears! the Judge will be my friend;
It is my Father calls—pale clay, farewell!

THE PLAYTHINGS.

"Oh! mother, here's the very top,
That brother used to spin;
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop
To call our robin in;
The line that held his pretty kite,
His bow, his cup and ball,
The slate on which he learned to write,
His feather, cap and all!"

"My dear, I'd put the things away
Just where they were before:
Go, Anna, take him out to play,
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent! he little thinks
The slightest thought expressed,
Of him that's lost, too deeply sinks
Within a mother's breast!"

THE MANIAC.

The careless eye, and the piteous one
Poor lost Maria alike will shun.
She loves to roam with her fearless child,
O'er the flowery field and the lonely wild;
To list, in a bower of tangled vines,
As the wind comes rustling through the pines;
To mark the light skip of the timid hare,
And to watch the bee on her path of air;
The crumbled nut to the ant to fling,
And to take the fly from his deadly swing.
She sits at eve, by the echoing hill,
To mock the voice of the whip-poor-will.
At times she will climb to some craggy steep,
Will look at her babe, and then to the deep;
As she swings her foot on the fearful height,
Like a bird of the ocean poised for flight.
Then, she calls for a shroud to wrap the dead;
And her voice comes low, as a prayer were said.
Then, mournful and sweet, as for one who slumbers,
To wake no more, flow her dirge-like numbers.
She sings of the flowers that are fair and new,
Which the morning light or the evening dew
Has touched but once, that are meet to spread
O'er the grave where beauty has made its bed.
But most she loves, in the pensive night,
When the air is still, and the moon is bright,

To gaze on her sleeping infant's face,
And the one loved image there to trace.
Yet, when the cherished illusion breaks,
When fancy's vision its farewell takes,
And flies, as the thing of a blissful dream,
Her eye will wander across the stream,
And the big tear stand on her cold, pale cheek;
But the *name*, she never is heard to speak.

Her sorrow was that which none must hear—
Too sacred and deep for an earthly ear;
'T was such, when its waves in the bosom swell,
As we to no friend, but our God, can tell.
Like the stricken bird, that will feebly fly
To the nearest covert, alone to die,
She hid the arrow that pierced her breast,
And the wound that had robbed her soul of rest.
For they came from him to whom alone
Her love was pledged at her Maker's throne.
She had tried to smile till her lip was white,
And her eye with weeping had quenched its light;
Till the clouds of care her brow had shaded,
Her cheek was sunk, and its rose had faded.
From the joys of life in its morning torn,
The hapless maniac, dark and lorn,
With the future a void—a waste the past,
And the present a dream, on the world was cast.
The faithless she never again may meet
Till they both shall stand at the judgment seat!

NATIVE ATTACHMENT.

Though year after year has rolled on to the deep,
Where their sorrows and joys in oblivion sleep,
Since my eye fondly lingered to look an adieu,
As the home of my childhood was fading from view,
Not a flower nor a vine round my loved native cot,
Through time's ceaseless changes, has e'er been
forgot.

The song of the robin, that sang on the bough
Of the neighboring pine is as dear to me now;
The brook looks as clear to my memory's eye,
And the verdure as fresh on the banks it played
by;
The lamb bounds as joyous and light o'er the glade,
As when 'mid those scenes I in infancy strayed.

And oft my dark hours of their cares are beguiled,
As fancy's bright wand turns me back to the child
That followed the flight of the butterfly's wing,
And plucked the red berries that grew by the
spring;
Or reached for the fair purple cluster, that hung
Where round the bowed alder the wild tendril clung.

The splendor of cities, the polish of art
May seek my devotion, and sue for my heart;

But no fount of delight on life's landscape will gush
Like that, which leapt down by the violet and rush;
No notes come so sweet as the song of the bird,
Which the ear of the child from the coppice first
heard.

I find not a gem in my pathway so bright
As the fire-fly, pursued by my young feet at night.
Earth offers no flowers like the wild ones I wreathed;
No breeze comes from heaven like the air I first
breathed.
No spot seems so pure in the wide vault on high,
As that which sent down the first light to my eye!

THE SLAVE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

O Thou, who hear'st the feeblest prayer,
The humblest heart dost see,
Upon the chilly midnight air
I pour my soul to thee!

I bend a form with ceaseless toil
Consuming all the day;
And raise an eye that wets the soil,
As wears my life away.

I lift a hand that 's only freed
Until to-morrow's task;
But how, O God, does nature bleed
Upon the boon I ask!

How wretched must that mother be,
(And I'm the hapless one,)
Who begs an early grave of thee,
To shield her only son!

I would not that my boy were spared
To curse his natal hour;
To drag the chains his birth prepared,
Beneath unfeeling power.

Then, ere the nursling at my breast
Shall feel the tyrant's rod,
O lay his little form at rest
Beneath the quiet sod!

And when before thine awful throne
My master shall appear,
A naked spirit, to atone
For all his dealings here,—

If pardoning grace can be bestowed,
And Heaven has pity then,
For him, who here no pity showed
Towards his fellow-men,

Thou 'lt spare him, in thy mercy, Lord,
The sinner's fearful doom—
The wages, for his just reward,
Of death beyond the tomb.

THE LITTLE BOY TO THE CRICKET.

I HAVE thee now! my brisk new-comer,
Sounding thy lay to departing Summer;
And I 'll take thee up from thy bed of grass,
And carry thee home to a house of glass;
Where thy slender limbs and the faded green
Of thy close-made coat can all be seen.
For I long to know if the cricket sings,
Or plays the tune with his gauzy wings;
To bring that shrill-toned pipe to light,
Which kept me awake so long, last night,
That I told the hours by the lazy clock,
Till I heard the crow of the noisy cock;
When, tossing and turning, at length I fell
To a sleep so strange, that the dream [illegible]

Methought, on a flowery bank I lay,
By a beautiful stream; and watched the play
Of the sparkling waters, that fled so fast,
I could not count the waves that passed.
But I marked the things they were carrying by;
And a neat little skiff first caught my eye.
'T was woven of reeds, and its sides were bound
By a tender vine, that had clasped it round;
And spreading within, had made it seem
A basket of leaves, borne down by the stream:
And the skiff had neither sail nor oar;
But a bright little boy stood up, and bore,

On his out-stretched hands, a wreath so gay,
It looked like a crown for the queen of May.
And while he was going, I heard him sing,
"Seize the garland of passing *Spring!*"
But I dared not reach—for the bank was steep;
And he bore it away to the far-off deep!

Then came a lady—her eye was bright—
She was young and fair; and her bark was light.
Its mast was a living tree, that spread
Its boughs for a sail, o'er the lady's head;
And some of the fruits had just begun
To flush, on the side that was next the sun;
And some with the crimson streak were stained,
While others their size had not yet gained.
She said, as she passed—"Oh! who can insure
The fruits of *Summer* to get mature?
For, fast as the waters beneath me, flowing,
Beyond recall, I'm going! I'm going!"

I turned my eye, and beheld another,
That seemed as she might be Summer's mother.
She looked more grave; and her cheek was tinged
With a deeper brown; her bark was fringed
With the tasseled heads of the wheaten sheaves
Along its sides—and the yellow leaves,
That covered the deck, concealed a throng
Of crickets,—I knew by their choral song.
At *Autumn's* feet lay the golden corn,
And her hands were raised to invert a horn,

That was filled with a sweet and mellow store,
And the purple clusters were hanging o'er.
She bade me seize on the fruit, that should last,
When the harvest was gone, and Autumn had past!
But, when I had paused to make the choice,
I saw no bark! and I heard no voice!

Then, I looked on a sight that chilled my blood;
'T was a mass of ice, where an old man stood
On his frozen raft; while his shriveled hand
Had clinched, as a staff by which to stand,
A whitened branch that the blast had broke
From the lifeless trunk of an aged oak.
The icicles hung from the naked limb,
And the old man's eye was sunk and dim.
But his scattering locks were silver bright,
And his beard with the gathering frost was white.
The tears congealed on his furrowed cheek,
His garb was thin, and the winds were bleak.
He faintly uttered, while drawing near,
"*Winter*, the death of the short-lived year,
Can yield thee nought, as I downward tend
To the boundless sea, where the seasons end.
But I trust from others, who 've gone before,
Thou 'st clothed thy form, and supplied thy store;
And now, what tidings am I to bear
Of thee,—for I shall be questioned there?"

I asked my mother, who o'er me bent,
What all this show of the seasons meant?

She said 't was a picture of life, I saw ;
And the useful moral myself must draw !

I awoke—and found that thy song was stilled,
And the sun with his beams my room had filled !
But I think, my cricket, I long shall keep
In mind the dream of my morning sleep !

THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

'T is midnight—all is peace profound!
But lo! upon the murmuring ground,
The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound
Of distant wheels is heard!
They come—they pause a moment—when
Their charge resigned, they start, and then
Are gone, and all is hushed again,
As not a leaf had stirred.

Hast thou a parent far away,
A beauteous child to be thy stay
In life's decline—or sisters, they
Who shared thine infant glee?
A brother on a foreign shore?
Is he whose breast thy token bore,
Or are thy treasures wandering o'er
A wide tumultuous sea?

If aught like these, then thou must feel
The rattling of that reckless wheel,
That brings the bright, or boding seal,
On every trembling thread,
That strings thy heart, till morn appears
To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,
To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,
As line on line is read.

Perhaps thy treasure 's in the deep,
Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,
Thy brother where thou canst not weep
Upon his distant grave!
Thy parent's hoary head no more
May shed a silver lustre o'er
His children grouped—nor death restore
Thy son from out the wave!

Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is stilled,
Thy sister's lip is pale and chilled,
Thy blooming bride, perchance, has filled
Her corner of the tomb.
May be, the home where all thy sweet
And tender recollections meet,
Has shown its flaming winding-sheet,
In midnight's awful gloom!

And while, alternate, o'er my soul
Those cold or burning wheels will roll
Their chill or heat, beyond control,
Till morn shall bring relief,
Father in heaven, whate'er may be
The cup, which thou hast sent for me,
I know 't is good, prepared by Thee,
Though filled with joy or grief!

A VOICE FROM THE WINE PRESS.

'T was for this they reared the vine,
Fostered every leaf and shoot,
Loved to see its tendrils twine,
And cherished it from branch to root!
'T was for this, that from the blast
It was screened and taught to run,
That its fruit might ripen fast,
O'er the trellis, to the sun.

And for this they rudely tore
Every cluster from the stem;
'T was to crush us till we pour
Out our very blood for them!
Well, though we are tortured thus,
Still our essence shall endure,
Vengeance they shall find, with us,
May be slow, but will be sure.

And the longer we are pent
From the air and cheering light,
Greater, when they give us vent,
For our rest shall be our might.
And our spirits, they shall see,
Can assume a thousand shapes;
These are words of verity,
Uttered by the dying grapes.

Many a stately form shall reel,
When our power is felt within;
Many a foolish tongue reveal
What the recent draught has been;
Many a thoughtless, yielding youth,
With his promise all in bloom,
Go from paths of peace and truth
To an early, shameful tomb.

We the purse will oft unclasp,
All its golden treasure take,
And, the husband in our grasp,
Leave the wife with heart to break.
While his babes are pinched with cold,
We will bind him to the bowl,
Till his features we behold
Glowing like a living coal.

We will bid the gown-man put
To his lips a glass or two,
Then, we 'll stab him in the foot,
Till it oversteps the shoe.
And we 'll swell the doctor's bill,
While he parries us in vain;
He may cure, but we will kill
Till our thousands we have slain.

When we 've drowned their peace and health,
Strength and hopes within the bowl,
More we 'll ask than life or wealth,
We 'll require the very soul!

Ye, who from our blood are free,
  Take the charge we give you now;
Taste not, till ye wait and see
  If the grapes forget their vow.

TO MY WATCH.

Say, what busy tenant inhabits thy breast,
Affording thy hands not a moment of rest,
While prompting thy voice to the ceaseless "tick, tick,"
As if thou wert ever repeating "quick, quick,"
And gives thee no time, while thy work thus pursuing,
To tell *what* so quick must be done, or is doing?

"The same little genius so busy with me
Is he, who is constantly watching by thee;
Whose task was assigned at thine earliest breath,
Thy minutes to count, till he leaves thee in death.
Art thou busy or idle, awake or in slumber,
He still keeps his vigils, still adds to the number.

"I pause not to name thee thy work, it is [redacted]
For I know not the things thou may'st yet have to do;
But the watch-word I give is to make thee take heed
How time ever flies, and how matchless its speed:
Thou may'st read in my face how thy minutes are wasting,
And thou to that bourne, where they end, art still hasting.

"For my diligent hands no repose will I ask:
They, ever employed, just accomplish their task;
Yet, I know they will rest, when to motionless clay
That hand shall be changed that hath wound me
to-day;
For my pulse will be stopped, and my voice cease
repeating
My one, only word, when thy heart stills its beating.

"When low in the earth my loved mistress shall
sleep,
Thy watch will be given to another to keep,
I shall rouse from my slumbers my work to resume,
While, silent and cold, lies thy dust in the tomb,
Far from time and from me, when thy spirit is
proving
What here it performed, while my finger was mov-
ing."

THOUGHTS.

Eyes, say, why were ye given your sight,
Your full blue orbs, with their roll and their light,
Which your lids of the lily with violet tinge,
So often of late, with their long, dark fringe
From their folds in your arches descended to shade?
Ye have told many things—but not why ye were made.
"We were made to delight in the beauties of earth;
Then to see how they perished, how little their worth:
They are changing, illusive, uncertain and brief,
From the flower's opening bud to its soon withered leaf.
The birth of their being is joined to decay;
They flourish, allure, and expire in a day.
On things like ourselves with delight we have shone;
We have studied their language and found it our own;
But the offspring of grief would extinguish their light,
And the spoiler's pale hand lock them up from our sight.
Or, keener, far keener, they 'd let us behold
Their looks turning from us, unfeeling and cold,
Bequeathing this line, as we saw them depart,
'We go not alone, but are drawn by the heart!'

For things such as these, and still more were we made;
For watching, for aching, to sink and to fade;
To pour forth in silence the waters of sorrow,
Then, to close in a night that will bring us no morrow?"

And wherefore were you, ye thicks locks, that were laid
In the clustering curls, or the bright sunny braid?

"To shine in our pride o'er the temples awhile,
Arresting the eye, and affecting the smile;
Then, loose, unadorned, and neglected, to go,
While the dark clouds of care shed among us their snow,
To be screened from life's storms by the marble and willow,
And to rest, thinned and damp, on a cold earthy pillow."

Ye withering roses, that bloomed on the cheek,
Say, what was your purpose? and what do ye speak?

"Our errand was short—we 've accomplished our duty,
And shown you how vain, and how fleeting is beauty!"

And thou, wasting form, once so buoyant and free,
So fair, and so flexile, come, say, what of thee?

"Like the insect that sports out its warm summer's day,
Or the atom that floats on the bright solar ray,
I have shone 'mid the glitter of fashion and pleasure;
I have flitted my hour, and have filled up my measure;
I have borne the bright chaplet, the silk's graceful fold;
Have decked myself out in rich fossils and gold;
Gay colors have clothed me, I've worn the light plume
To enliven my path to the verge of the tomb.
Yet I knew all the while, I was transient and frail;
I felt myself sinking, my energy fail.
I knew that the canker was trying his power,
That his tooth had begun at the heart of the flower,
That, true to his purpose, he 'd finish my fall
To the final abode, the asylum of all."

If such be the end of each perishing part,
Immortal, invisible, tell what thou art;
Thy business, and what thou dost hope to inherit,
Thou restless, aspiring, unsatisfied Spirit!

"What my nature may be, there is none that can know,
But the Being above to whose presence I go.
But I've dwelt on this earth, and its joys have embraced,
'Till I've found myself wounded, deceived and disgraced.
Its flowers, when I touched them, would wither and fall;
I tasted its cup, but 't was mingled with gall.
Allured to its landscape, the serpent or snare
I found was concealed, and awaited me there;
That the rainbow hung o'er it, so bright to my eyes,
At best, was but vapor, or tears in disguise.
I have leant on this world, 'till with anguish I feel
It is harder, and colder, and keener than steel;
Only constant to change, and to falsehood but true,
It stabs while it kisses, and smiles to undo.
But for me the deceit of its visions are o'er;
They shall wound and enslave and ensnare me no more:
For, faint, torn and bleeding, I turn from the earth,
And look up in faith to the realm of my birth:
I know there 's a sun with a glorious light,
With beams full of healing, to burst on my sight,
Dispelling the shadows of sorrow and care;
I know that a balm, a Physician is there.
That country, that home, the unsatisfied Spirit
Here sighs to recover, and hopes to inherit."

THE ZEPHYR'S SOLILOQUY.

Though whence I have come, or whither I go,
My end or my nature I ne'er may know,
I will number o'er to myself a few
Of the countless things I am born to do.

I flit in the days of the joyous Spring,
Through field and forest, and freight my wing
With the spice of the buds, which I haste to bear
Where I know that man will inhale the air.
And while I hover o'er beauty's lip,
I part her locks with my pinion's tip;
Or brighten her cheek with my fond caress,
And breathe in the folds of her lightsome dress.
I love to sport with the silken curl
On the lily neck of the laughing girl;
To dry the tear of the weeping boy,
Who's breaking his heart for a broken toy;
To fan the heat of his brow away,
And over his mother's harp-strings play,
Till, his griefs forgotten, he looks around
For the secret hand that has waked the sound.
I love, when the warrior mails his breast,
To toss the head of his snow-white crest;
To take the adieu that he turns to leave,
And the sigh that his lady retired to heave!
When the sultry sun of a summer's day
Each sparkling dew-drop has dried away,

And the flowers are left to thirst to death,
I love to come and afford them breath;
And under each languid, drooping thing
To place my balmy and cooling wing.
When the bright, fresh showers have just gone by,
And the rainbow stands in the evening sky,
Oh! then is the merriest time for me;
And I and my race have a jubilee!
We fly to the gardens and shake the drops
From the bending boughs and the floweret tops;
And revel unseen in the calm star-light,
Or dance on the moon-beams the live-long night.
These, ah! these are my hours of gladness!
But, I have my days and my nights of sadness!
When I go to the cheek where I kissed the rose,
And 't is turning as white as the mountain snows;
While the eye of beauty must soon be hid
Forever, beneath its sinking lid—
Oh! I 'd give my whole self but to spare that gasp,
And save her a moment from death's cold grasp!
And when she is borne to repose alone
Neath the fresh-cut sod and the church-yard stone,
I keep close by her, and do my best
To lift the dark pall from the sleeper's breast;
And linger behind with the beautiful clay,
When friends and kindred have gone their way!
When the babe, whose dimples I used to fan,
I see completing its earthly span,
I long, with a spirit so pure to go
From the scene of sorrow and tears below,

Till I rise so high I can catch the song
Of welcome, that bursts from the angel throng,
As it enters its rest—but alas! alas!
I am only from death to death to pass.
I hasten away over mountain and flood,
And find I 'm alone on a field of blood.
The soldier is there—but he breathes no more;
And there is the plume, but 't is stained with gore.
I flutter and strive, in vain, to place
The end of his scarf o'er his marble face;
And find not even a sigh, to take
To her, whose heart is so soon to break!
I fly to the flowers that I loved so much—
They are pale, and drop at my slightest touch.
The earth is in ruins!—I turn to the sky—
It frowns!—and what can I do, but die?

FOREST MUSIC.

THERE 's a sad loneliness about my heart,—
A deep, deep solitude the spirit feels
Amid this multitude. The things of art
Pall on the senses—from its pageantry
My weary eye turns off; and my ear shrinks
From the harsh dissonance that fills the air.

My soul is growing sick—I will away
And gather balm from a sweet forest walk!
There, as the breezes through the branches sweep,
Is heard aërial minstrelsy, like harps
Untouched, unseen, that on the spirit's ear
Pour out their numbers till they lull to peace
The tumult of the bosom. There's a voice
Of music in the rustling of the leaves;
And the green boughs are hung with living lutes,
Whose strings will only vibrate to his hand
Who made them, while they sound his untaught
praise!

The whole wild wood is one vast instrument
Of thousand, thousand keys; and all its notes
Come in sweet harmony, while Nature plays
To celebrate the presence of her God!

THE PROSTRATE PINK.

Alas! alas! a silly Pink,
To climb so fast, and never think
How feeble was my trust!
I sought a high and airy throne;
Aspired too far to stand alone;
And now, in lowliness, must own
My kindred with the dust!

O, would my stem had snapped in twain,
And saved me from the lingering pain
Of being thus abased!
'T is worse than death to lie so low,
While all the laughing flowers must know,
Ambition caused my overthrow,
And brought me here disgraced!

My native spot is far behind!
Nor can I turn and hope to find
Again my parent root,
Where, fain my blushing head I 'd screen
Among the leaves so thick and green,
Whence I, a timid bud, was seen
In infancy to shoot.

My beauteous form and hue, so bright,
I thought could tempest, hail and blight
And insect's touch defy.

I grew in boldness—meekness fled;
I burst my cup, my odors shed
With lavish haste; my petals spread,
And courted every eye.

I little knew how great the fault
Myself to flatter and exalt,
Until I found, too late,
My head grew giddy with the height;
The sun-beam seemed a whirling light;
I lost my balance—lost my sight;
And here I met my fate.

My sister Flowers, take heed! take heed!
Your loveliness will ever need
Protection from the blast.
Be cautious what your beauties court,
Whereon you venture, how you sport;
And if a *straw* is your support,
See where you may be cast.

Your charms are highest half concealed;
Your sweets are dearest, when revealed
With modesty and fear;
And she, who quits the leafy shade
That nature for her shelter made,
May pine and languish, moan and fade,
Like her who sorrows here.

THE BENEFACTOR.

Unsullied by time, and undimmed by a tear,
But fresh, on the wing of the new-born year,
I come, a pure and a holy thing;
And to all, who receive me, some gift I bring.

For childhood, amused with its stories and toys,
I've a lasting supply of those innocent joys;
And a breastplate of truth, that I'll place o'er its heart,
To keep it unspotted from falsehood and art.

I give to the youth, as his hopes are full-blown,
Those hopes undeceived till their fruits are full-grown:
In the landscape of life, that before him is spread,
I will leave not a thorn, where I know he must tread.

I grant to the young and the beautiful maid
A form ne'er to wither—a cheek ne'er to fade—
A heart not to grieve that the lip oft may smile,
And treachery lurk in the bosom the while!

I give to the aged, to whom life must seem,
As 't is past in review, like a short, busy dream,

The peace undisturbed which may spring from the trust,
That, beyond time and earth, they shall live with the just.

For you, who are treading the gay, giddy round
Of fashion and folly, for you I have found
A far nobler work for your life's fleeting day;
And I give to you *wisdom* to shine on your way.

To the prisoner, immured in the dark, starless night
Of a dungeon, I give heaven's pure air and light;
And the power, though his hands may be crimson with guilt,
To wash themselves white from the blood they have spilt.

I give to the exile, who 's destined to roam
From parent, from brother, and sister and home,
A welcome from him, who, those treasures possessing,
Shall find himself blest in bestowing the blessing.

For the poor I've a shelter from cold and from storm;
I've bread for his mouth, and a garb for his form;
But chiefly, a spirit to soar from the dust
To a treasure on high, safe from moth and from rust.

To the rich, for their deeds, as a final reward,
I will leave but the look and the word of their Lord:
May they hear, with a smile, from their Master divine,
"Ye have done unto me what ye did unto mine!"

Thus, for high and for low, for the young and the old,
For the wise and the foolish I've treasures untold;
And Wish is my name——but ye never must hear
What bosom I sprang from to hail the New Year!

THE NEW TOMB.*

They 've finished the darksome abode,
Of silence, of death, and of dust!
And who, of the train that are thronging the road
To this mansion, shall enter it first?

It is not the silvery head,
That here shall be first to repose;
Nor the babe, that shall come to the house of the dead,
Ere the bud of its life can unclose.

But, mark him, whose cheek is so bright
With the freshness of beauty and youth—
Whose step is so firm, and whose bosom so light
With the glow of affection and truth!

Ere care has o'ershadowed his brow,
With the roses of health all in bloom,
From the many, who love him, he comes even now;
For he is the first for the tomb!

And shall he, who could carry the charm
Of joy wheresoe'er he was known—
Shall he with affections, so kindly and warm,
Come down and repose here alone?

* These lines were occasioned by an event which took place in Boston a few months since.

Oh! no—from the sorrowing train
  There hastens a beautiful maid—
Ere the moon shall be full in her lustre again,
  Her form by his side will be laid!

The kindred in blood, far from sight,
  Together shall slumber in peace;
The kindred in spirit their voices unite
  In praises, that never shall cease.

They would not their friends should bewail
  Their absence from scenes they have trod!
They beckon the mourner to look through the veil,
  Where they shine with the brightness of God!

THE BLIND MAN.

'T is darkness, darkness; dreary, starless night;
Nature a blank, and day that shows no sun;
Man, earth and seas and heavens shut out from sight—
Such is thy portion, blind and hapless one!

Hapless! a smile upon thy lip will dwell,
While in thy sunken eye no light appears!
That cold and rayless orb will never tell
If first its film would burst with joy or tears.

Yet light is in thy soul—that fire divine,
That shone on Horeb's mount, illumines thee;
Thou walk'st in safety, for the Guide is thine,
Whom Israel followed through the parting sea.

Though thou must grope for pillars hands have raised,
Like him who erst Philistia's thousands slew,
The temple where, by angels, God is praised,
Thy father's house, is ever kept in view.

Thou know'st how soon these earthly walls must fail;
How frail and vain the things of time and sense;
Thy steady faith looks onward through the veil,
Where life eternal and its joys commence.

Thy head is white—thy foot is at the grave;
And nature's hasty work is nearly done;
But He will bear thee safe o'er Jordan's wave,
Whose peace is with thee, blind, but happy one!

THE SHIP IS READY.

Fare thee well! the ship is ready,
And the breeze is fresh and steady.
Hands are fast the anchor weighing;
High in the air the streamer's playing.
Spread the sails—the waves are swelling
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.
Fare thee well! and when at sea,
Think of those, who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding,
And from hearts, that ache to bleeding,
Think of those behind, who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee!
Then, as down to ocean glancing,
In the waves his rays are dancing,
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes, that weep for thee.

When the lonely night-watch keeping,
All below thee still and sleeping—
As the needle points the quarter
O'er the wide and trackless water,
Let thy vigils ever find thee
Mindful of the friends behind thee!
Let thy bosom's magnet be
Turned to those, who wake for thee!

When, with slow and gentle motion,
Heaves the bosom of the ocean—
While in peace thy bark is riding,
And the silver moon is gliding
O'er the sky with tranquil splendor,
Where the shining hosts attend her;
Let the brightest visions be
Country, home and friends, to thee!

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,
Danger, wreck and death before thee,
While the sword of fire is gleaming,
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
Then, a pious suppliant bending,
Let thy thoughts, to heaven ascending,
Reach the mercy-seat, to be
Met by prayers that rise for thee!

THE ANEMONE.

Thy charm, pale, modest, timid one,
Is this, that thou dost ever shun
The public walk, and to the sun
Dost show an open heart,
Which does not fear the brightest ray,
That 's darted from the eye of day,
Will aught of secret stain betray,
Or find a double part.

And thou hast never been beguiled
To quit the simple, quiet wild,
Where nature placed her modest child
To worship her alone.
Thou dost not ask the brow of toil
To shed its costly dew, to spoil
The bed of free, untortured soil,
Which thou hast made thine own.

And now, if I were hence to take
Thee, root and stem, it would but make
Thee homesick—and the spell would break,
That 's round the desert gem.
So, I will set me down and look
On thy fair leaves, my little book,
To read the name of Him, who took
Such care in forming them!

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.*

Thou tiny leaf,
Thou art so small, so very small,
I must be brief,
If I would sully thee at all,
With aught that from my pen may fall!

Then haste from me;
Go quick to Caroline, and show
My wish, that she
O'er no rude spot of earth, may go,
Small as thyself, where thorns shall grow:—

That there may be
No cloud so broad in all her sky
'T would shadow thee;
Nor pain nor sorrow e'er come nigh
To blanch her cheek, or dim her eye:—

That I may claim
What she on memory may bestow
In friendship's name—
A smile, or tear, as joy or wo
Shall mark the path where I may go!

* These lines were inscribed on a leaf but two inches square.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I WONDER what they have done with the pine,
  Where the red-breast came to sing,
With the maple, too, where the wandering vine
  So wildly used to fling
Its loaded arms from bough to bough,
And if they gather the grapes there now.

I should like to know if they 've killed the bee,
  And carried away the hive;
If they 've broken the heart of my chestnut-tree,
  Or left it still to survive,
And its laughing burs are showering down
Their loosened treasures of shining brown.

And there was a beautiful pond, that stood
  Like an ample azure vase,
Or a mirror, embosomed in wild green wood,
  For the sun to see his face.
Have they torn up its lilies to open a sluice
And let that peaceful prisoner loose?

Perhaps they have ruined the ancient oak,
  That gave me its grateful shade;
And its own dead root in its bed is broke
  By the plough, from its branches made;
Nor am I sure I could find the spot
Where I had my bower and my mossy grot.

And shall I go back to my first loved home,
To find how all is changed,
Alone o'er those altered scenes to roam,
From my early self estranged?
Shall I bend me over the glassy brook,
No more on the face of a child to look?

No! no! for that loveliest spot upon earth
Let memory's charm suffice!
But the spirit will long to the place of her birth,
From time and its change to rise;
To soar and recover her primal bloom,
When death with his trophy has stopped at the tomb!

TO THE MOON BEAMS.

Away, away, from her favorite bower,
Where ye loved to come in the evening hour,
To silver the leaf, to smile on the flower,
And checker the scene so playfully!
Away, away! for the maid ye seek
Hath a darkened eye, and a pale, pale cheek!
As the lonely walk and the flowers all speak,
While they hang their heads so mournfully!

Away! for the voice ye used to win,
With its soft, rich melody formed within,
Is hushed—'t is gone, as it never had been
Poured out so sweet and feelingly!
And the fearful harp, that ye could make
Its deepest and tenderest notes awake,
Now hath not a string but it fain would break,
They lie so lorn and listlessly!

Away, to the slope of the dew-bright hill;
Where the sod is fresh, and the air is chill;
Where the marble is white, and all is still,
O'er beauty sleeping peacefully!
But never reveal who there is led
By your light to weep o'er her lowly bed,
That a spirit so pure from the earth hath fled,
And to sigh for her loss unceasingly!

THE CHEROKEE AT WASHINGTON.

I come from an ancient race—
From the wilds where my father trod;
And, though I present the red man's face,
I believe in the Christian's God.

I come where your Chief is laid,
At rest in his own dear land;
And I now would ask, if his mighty shade
Presides o'er your council band.

If so, he will know the type
Of peace and of purity;
The chain of gold, and the silver pipe,
Bestowed on the Cherokee.

And here must he turn aside
To weep, and to blush for shame,
Thus to hear our nation's rights denied,
And his debase her name.

Oh! no—by the faith of man,
Our claims ye must yet allow!
By the Book ye read, ye never can
Thus your pledges disavow!

Ye say that He went about,
Whom ye follow, doing good.
Does he bid you hunt the red man out,
Like a wolf from his native wood?

Ye teach us, too, that He
Is to judge the quick and the dead:
Before His throne, will the difference be
That the face was white or red?

And ye tell us what He said,
When He pointed to the coin
Impressed with the sovereign's name and head,
And what his words enjoin.

Our image on our land,
As Cæsar's on the gold,
Has been impressed by our Maker's hand,
And it never must be sold!

For, dear as the spot of earth
Where first your breath ye drew,
Your fathers' sepulchres, your hearth
And altar are to you;

The ties are far more strong,
Which we feel to our native soil,
Than yours—ye have not *been* so long,
As the nation ye would spoil!

By power ye may o'ercome;
But should ye thus succeed,
And drive the poor Indian from his home—
Great Spirit, forgive the deed!

THE THRICE-CLOSED EYE.

THE eye was closed, and calm the breast;
'T was Sleep—the weary was at rest!
While fancy on her rainbow wings
Ranged through a world of new-made things,
Mid regions pure, and visions bright,
Formed but to mock the waking sight.
For, ah! how light does slumber sit,
On sorrow's brow—how quickly flit
From her pale throne, when envious care
Comes wrapped in clouds and frowning there!

Again I saw the falling lid,
And from his sight the world was hid.
The lip was moved; the knee was bent;
The heavy laden spirit went,
Bearing her burden from the dust
Up to her only Rock of trust;
And, childlike, on her Father's breast
Cast off the load, and found her rest.
For, this was Prayer—'t was faith and love
Communing with a God above.

At length that eye was locked! the key
Had opened heaven—'t was Death! yes, he
Had sweetly quelled the mortal strife,
And to the saint the gates of life

Unbolted. On the sleeper's brow
Lay the smooth seal of quiet now,
Which none could break. The soul, that here
Dwelt with eternal things so near,
Had burst her bonds to soar on high,
And left to earth the thrice-closed eye!

TO A ******

Thy parents, boy, are on the deep,
The wide and pathless sea;
But He, who wafts their sail, will keep
A father's eye on thee.

For he hath seen what they have done;
And he hath heard their prayer,—
He knows they 've left their darling son
Beneath his guardian care.

The tenderness thy mother felt,
When to her breast she drew
Her child, and at his altar knelt,
His love will still outdo.

And he will guard thy parents too,
Upon a foreign shore;
For his the eye, at single view,
To look creation o'er.

He 'll let thy little image cling
To all their thoughts by day;
And nightly, like a cherub thing,
About their slumbers play.

In many a bright and blissful dream
They 'll kiss thy rosy cheek;
Thy laughing, sparkling eye will beam—
Thy prattling tongue will speak.

Thy tender arms, so warm and fair,
Around their necks will twine;
They 'll feel thy silken, sunny hair,—
That ruby lip of thine.

While oft they dwell on scenes behind
Of dear domestic joy,
The loveliest objects brought to mind
Will be their smiling boy.

A HYMN AT SEA.

O Thou, who hast spread out the skies
And measured the depths of the sea,
'Twixt the heavens and the ocean shall rise,
Our incense of praises to thee!

We know that thy presence is near,
While our bark tosses far from the land;
And we ride o'er the deep without fear;
For, the waters are held in thy hand.

Though not since the morn when the flood
Poured in, this vast cavern to fill,
Has the sea ever motionless stood,
Or the pulse of its bosom been still;—

Inscribed on its face, from that hour
Thy name has indelibly shone,
Where man, while he worships thy power,
Can leave not a trace of his own!

Eternity comes in the sound
Of the billows, that never can sleep!
There's Deity circling us round—
Omnipotence walks o'er the deep!

O Father, our eye is to thee,
As on for the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul!

AMERICAN HYMN.

Who, when darkness gathered o'er us,
  Foes and death on every side,
Robed in glory, walked before us,
  Leading on, like Israel's guide?
'T was Jehovah! he appearing
  Showed his banner far and wide!

When the trump of war was sounding,
  'T was the Lord who took the field;
He, his people then surrounding,
  Made the strong in battle yield;
To our fathers, few in number,
  He was armor, strength and shield!

In the God of armies trusting,
  Mid their weakness, void of fear,
Soon they felt their bonds were bursting—
  Saw the dawning light appear.
Clouds, dissolving in the sunbeams,
  Showed the land of freedom near.

Hark! we hear to heaven ascending,
  From the voices of the free,
Hallelujahs, sweetly blending
  With the song of Liberty!
Power Almighty, we the victory
  Ever will ascribe to thee!

Lo! the dove, the olive bearing,
Plants it on Columbia's shore!
Every breast its branch is wearing
Where the buckler shone before!
Praise the Eternal! He is reigning!
Praise Him! praise Him evermore!

FUNERAL DIRGE.

Lift not, lift not the shadowy pall
From the beauteous form it veileth;
Nor ask, as the offerings of sorrow fall,
Who it is that the mourner waileth!

We could not look on a face so dear,
With the burial gloom surrounding;
A name so cherished, we must not hear,
While her funeral knell is sounding!

But seek with the throng of the young and fair
Their loveliest still to number;—
You will find her not! for 't is her we bear
In the mansion of death to slumber!

She shone to our sight like a gladdening ray
Of light, that awhile was given
To brighten the earth, and has passed away,
Undimmed, to its source in heaven!

THE INDIAN BOY WITH HIS FATHER'S BOW.

"I look on the bow that my father bent,
And I know the ways where the warrior went.
I remember the flash of the chieftain's eye;
When he heard the whoop of the foeman nigh!
I can see the fall of that stately head
On the dauntless breast, when its blood was shed;
And I bear in my heart the charge that hung,
To avenge his death, on the faltering tongue!

"My hand is as firm to bend the bow;
My foot through the forest as fleet to go;
I can aim my dart with as sure an eye;
And I am as ready as he to die!
My spirit is burning with thirst to meet
Our ancient foe—for revenge is sweet.
Lo! onward I go, and my father's shade
Shall be at my side, till the debt is paid!"

He leaps, and is gone, like the bounding deer;
But not like her, from the hound and spear.
He flies to his death—he has met the dart;
And 't is drinking the blood of that fearless heart!
But it came too late, for his dying ear
The curse of his falling foe can hear—
The arrow was sped, which brings him low,
By the hand of the son, from the father's bow!

WHITEFIELD'S REMAINS.*.

Ye sacred relics, not with foot profane
Would I disturb the quiet of the dead;
Where, wrapped in shades and stillness ye have lain,
Till more than half a century hath fled!

I have no vainly curious eye to see,
How strange the works of time and death appear;
To find the sentence of mortality,
"Ashes to ashes!" executed here.

Yet, I from infancy have longed to look,
For once, on you, then bid a long farewell;
Since 't was from you, great Whitefield's spirit took
Her flight to mansions where the blessed dwell!

Ye were her earthen vessel!—and ye bore
That goodly treasure on, from clime to clime!
Ye were the fine-wrought vesture that she wore,
And gently dropped, as closed the scene of time.

Here, hallowed dust, thou still hast slumbered on,
While, o'er thy rest, the beauteous feet of those,

* The remains of the Rev. George Whitefield are deposited beneath the pulpit of the Church of the First Presbyterian Society in Newburyport, Mass., in which there is a marble cenotaph to his memory.

Who brought salvation's news, have stood; then
gone,
Tired with life's journey, to the grave's repose.

And wilt thou linger yet, till he, who stands
Above thee now, the Gospel to proclaim,
Has ceased to lift in prayer his holy hands,
And monumental marble speaks his name?

Oh! wait not this *—but go and sleep unseen,
Deep in the bosom of thy mother earth!
Let nature deck thy couch with living green,
Till, changed, the archangel's trump shall call
thee forth!

And now, farewell! I have been told by thee,
The things a thousand tongues would fail to say:
Thou bid'st the mortal part its value see—
The soul mount up where WHITEFIELD'S led the
way!

* The removal of these remains to the public burial-ground, was contemplated at the time this was written.

THE RELEASE.

"And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison."

Behold, amid the prison's gloom profound,
While Herod's guards the massive doors are keeping,
By soldiers watched, in iron fetters bound,
The man of God, serene and sweetly sleeping.

And thus the loved disciple of the Lord
Can sink to rest, defying pain and sorrow,
While persecution points the glittering sword
To mark him as her victim ere the morrow.

For, what is there in death for him to fear,
Though he no more may see earth's morning breaking?
He feels 't is but salvation drawing near;
That Heaven's bright dawn shall follow his awaking!

But who is this, that suddenly appears,
With light effulgent round the prison beaming?
The captive feels his touch—awakes, and hears
A voice, whose sound hath more than earthly seeming!

"Rise! gird thyself, and bind thy sandals on,
And follow me without the yielding portals!
Thy chains are broken, and the power is gone,
That armed awhile these blind and erring mortals!"

It was thine angel, O! thou Holy One,
That hovered o'er thy servant in his slumber!
His labors in thy cause were not yet done—
His days of service had not gained their number.

Like him, the man whose trust is fixed on thee
May ever rest, mid threatening foes and danger:
But where, O Lord, can hope or safety be,
For him, who treads life's path, to thee a stranger?

THE MOON UPON THE SPIRE.

The full-orbed moon has reached no higher,
Than yon old church's mossy spire,
And seems, as gliding up the air,
She saw the fane; and, pausing there,
Would worship, in the tranquil night,
The Prince of peace—the Source of light,
Where man for God prepared the place,
And God to man unveils his face.

Her tribute all around is seen;
She bends, and worships like a queen!
Her robe of light and beaming crown,
In silence, she is casting down;
And, as a creature of the earth,
She feels her lowliness of birth—
Her weakness and inconstancy
Before unchanging purity!

Pale traveller, on thy lonely way,
'T is well thine homage thus to pay;
To reverence that ancient pile,
And spread thy silver o'er the aisle,
Which many a pious foot has trod,
That now is dust beneath the sod;
Where many a sacred tear was wept,
From eyes that long in death have slept!

The temple's builders—where are they?
The worshippers?—all passed away,
Who came the first, to offer there
The song of praise, the heart of prayer!
Man's generation passes soon;
It wanes and changes like the moon.
He rears the perishable wall;
But, ere it crumbles, he must fall!

And does he sink to rise no more?
Has he no part to triumph o'er
The pallid king? no spark, to save
From darkness, ashes and the grave?
Thou holy place, the answer, wrought
In thy firm structure, bars the thought!
The spirit that established thee,
Nor death, nor darkness e'er shall see!

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Ah! slumber on, my darling boy,
  Nor send the blissful dream away,
Which makes the smile of conscious joy
  Across thy beauteous features play.

Thou think'st, perhaps, thy sire is here,
  And clasps thee in a fond embrace!
Thou know'st not 't is thy mother's tear,
  So warm upon thy dimpled face!

Thou hast not learned how still and cold,
  The arms where thou believ'st thou art;
Nor dost thou know that mine infold
  An orphan near a widow's heart!

And, shouldst thou at this moment wake,
  I know what name thou 'dst lisp the first;
To hear it called in vain, would make
  This aching, swelling heart to burst!

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

LORD, whatso'er the temple, where
  Thy children meet to worship thee,
Hast thou not given thy word, that there,
  To bless them, thou wilt surely be?

Then thou art here with those, who kneel
  In reverence of thy name divine!
Their souls thy cheering presence feel—
  To faith's pure eye thy glories shine.

For here a favored flock is fed
  With that blessed food thy love hath given;
And prayers, like mingling odors shed
  From golden phials, rise to heaven.

We see about this hallowed fane
  No pageant marks on either side:—
No splendid offering of the vain,
  Nor costly sacrifice to pride.

Around no drapery idly falls—
  No sculptured marble proudly stands:
Devotion reared these modest walls,
  And here she lifts her holy hands.

Thy servants here are curtained round,
  Lord, by the shadow of thy wings;

And dearest ornaments are found—
The jewels of the King of kings!

The fervent heart is kindling here,
And sends to heaven a holy flame;
This altar takes contrition's tear,
The brightest gift that Christ would claim!

THE BUTTERFLY'S DREAM.

A TULIP, just opened, had offered to hold
A butterfly, gaudy and gay;
And, rocked in a cradle of crimson and gold,
The careless young slumberer lay.

For the butterfly slept, as such thoughtless ones will,
At ease, and reclining on flowers,
If ever they study, 't is how they may kill
The best of their mid-summer hours.

And the butterfly dreamed, as is often the case
With *indolent* lovers of change,
Who, keeping the body at ease in its place,
Give fancy permission to range.

He dreamed that he saw, what he could but despise,
The swarm from a neighboring hive;
Which, having come out for their winter supplies,
Had made the whole garden alive.

He looked with disgust, as the proud often do,
On the diligent movements of those,
Who, keeping both present and future in view,
Improve every hour as it goes.

As the brisk little alchymists passed to and fro,
With anger the butterfly swelled;
And called them mechanics—a rabble too low
To come near the station he held.

"Away from my presence!" said he, in his sleep,
"Ye humble plebeians! nor dare
Come here with your colorless winglets to sweep
The king of this brilliant parterre!"

He thought, at these words, that together they flew,
And, facing about, made a stand;
And then, to a terrible army they grew,
And fenced him on every hand.

Like hosts of huge giants, his numberless foes
Seemed spreading to measureless size:
Their wings with a mighty expansion arose,
And stretched like a veil o'er the skies.

Their eyes seemed like little volcanoes, for fire,—
Their hum, to a cannon-peal grown,—
Farina to bullets was rolled in their ire,
And, he thought, hurled at him and his throne.

He tried to cry quarter! his voice would not sound,
His head ached—his throne reeled and fell;
His enemy cheered, as he came to the ground,
And cried, "King Papilio, farewell!"

His fall chased the vision—the sleeper awoke,
The wonderful dream to expound;
The lightning's bright flash from the thunder-cloud broke,
And hail-stones were rattling around.

He 'd slumbered so long, that now, over his head,
The tempest's artillery rolled;
The tulip was shattered—the whirl-blast had fled,
And borne off its crimson and gold.

'T is said, for the fall and the pelting, combined
With suppressed ebullitions of pride,
This vain son of summer no balsam could find,
But he crept under covert and died.

MARY DOW.

"Come in, little stranger," I said,
  As she tapped at my half-open door,
While the blanket pinned over her head,
  Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
  From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, "I have matches to sell,
  And hope you are willing to buy.

"A penny a bunch is the price;
  I think you 'll not find it too much;
They 're tied up so even and nice,
  And ready to light with a touch."

I asked, "What 's your name, little girl?"
  "'T is Mary," said she, "Mary Dow."
And carelessly tossed off a curl,
  That played o'er her delicate brow.

"My father was lost in the deep,
  The ship never got to the shore;
And mother is sad, and will weep,
  When she hears the wind blow and sea roar.

"She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willie's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.

"For every time that she tries,
Some things she'd be paid for, to make,
And lays down the baby, it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.

"I'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad;
To see men there building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

"I've one other gown, and with care,
We think it may decently pass,
With my bonnet that 's put by to wear
To meeting and Sunday-school class.

"I love to go there, where I 'm taught
Of One, who 's so wise and so good,
He knows every action and thought,
And gives e'en the raven his food.

"For He, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust to his word.

"And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And mother 'll rejoice at the pay."

"Fly home, little bird," then I thought,
"Fly home full of joy to your nest!"
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
  Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
  I trust to nature to teach me.

I'll not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
  Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run
    down,
  While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
  From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
  All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
  As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge
  A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
  When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
  Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow,
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

THE DISSATISFIED ANGLER BOY.

I 'm sorry they let me go down to the brook,
I 'm sorry they gave me the line and the hook,
And I wish I had stayed at home with my book.
I 'm sure 't was no pleasure to see
That poor, little, harmless, suffering thing
Silently writhe at the end of the string;
Or to hold the pole, while I felt him swing
In torture, and all for me!

'T was a beautiful, speckled and glossy trout,
And when from the water I drew him out
On the grassy bank, as he floundered about,
It made me shivering cold,
To think I had caused so much needless pain;
And I tried to relieve him, but all in vain;
Oh! never, as long as I live, again
May I such a sight behold!

O, what would I give once more to see
The brisk little swimmer alive and free,
And darting about, as he used to be,
Unhurt, in his native brook!
'T is strange how people can love to play
By taking innocent lives away;
I wish I had stayed at home to-day
With sister, and read my book

CUPID'S WARNING.

"TAKE heed! take heed!
They will go with speed;
For I've just new-strung my bow!
My quiver is full; and if oft I pull,
Some arrow may hit, you know,
You know, you know,
Some arrow may hit, you know."

"Oh! pull away,"
Did the maiden say,
"For who is the coward to mind
A shaft that's flung by a boy so young,
When both of his eyes are blind,
Are blind, are blind,
When both of his eyes are blind?

His bow he drew;
And the shafts they flew,
Till the maiden was heard to cry,
"Oh! take the dart from my aching heart,
Dear Cupid, or else I die!
I die, I die,
Dear Cupid, or else I die!"

He said, and smiled,
"I am but a child,
And should have no skill to find,

E'en with both my eyes, where the dart now lies;
Then you know, fair maid, I 'm blind,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind,
You know fair maid, I 'm blind!"

THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER'S BEQUEST.

"Behold," the hoary veteran said,
"The silver scattered o'er my head;
A remnant of the auburn hair,
That curled in sunny clusters there,
When, in the land that now is thine,
With bounding flock and fruitful vine,
While Freedom's banner waves unfurled,
The envy of a gazing world,
Life was but slavery to me;
And when I fought, my son, for thee.

"Thy father's forehead time has bared;
The few white locks, that yet are spared
And lonely round my temples stray,
Soon from thy sight must pass away.
So thinned, so scattered o'er the land
Is now that valiant, patriot band,
Who, when their country gave the word,
'To arms! to arms! gird on thy sword!'
Sprang forth, resolved her chains to break,
Or earth their gory bed to make.
And, gathering where their chieftain led,
Thick as the hairs that clothed his head,
Marched onward, where the foeman stood,
Waiting to dip his foot in blood.

* * * * * * *

"Though many a groan was heard around
From quivering lips that strewed the ground;
Yet none could pause to bid farewell,
When at his side his brother fell,
To close alone the dying eye—
To heave unheard the final sigh,
With none to stay the fleeting breath,
Or wipe away the damps of death.
For struggling Liberty impelled,
When nature's ties had fain withheld;
Until the God of armies spake
The word, that made her bonds to break.
And Independence, shouting loud,
Burst glorious from the fiery cloud
That rolled upon the battle-field,
And scenes of blood and death concealed!
'T was thus thy liberty was won,
'T was thus I fought for thee, my son!

"Yes, on the earth I 've sought my rest,
The hoar-frost gathering o'er my breast;
And oft the freezing, midnight air
That chilled my blood, has warmed my prayer,
That He, who governs all, would ride
With victory on our injured side.
Through winter's cold, and summer's heat,
With aching head and weary feet,
And hunger's cravings, I have gone;
And when I saw the morning dawn,
Have thought my day of life must close,
Ere the first star of evening rose.'

"But now those toils have long been o'er,
And Plenty spreads from shore to shore;
While Peace and Freedom join to sing
The praises of our heavenly King.
And long his eye has sweetly slept,
Who then in lonely sorrow wept,
And bowed with years beneath the stroke,
When his last earthly prop was broke,
And his fair son, upon the plain,
Lay pale, and numbered with the slain.
The widow too, has made her bed
Low as her soldier's when he bled,
And waning life could only spare
A breath to waft the soldier's prayer,
'*Receive, O God, my soul—and bless*
The widow and the fatherless!'

* * * * * * *

"And now, the dimpled babe that smiled,
When the armed warrior clasped his child;
And felt a father's parting kiss
Distend his little heart with bliss;
Nor knew that parting kiss must sever
His father's face from his forever;
That infant's face is altered now,
Life's Autumn rays are on his brow.
While bending o'er the grave I stand
Waiting a few last grains of sand,
To drop my clay beneath the sod
And give my spirit back to God.

"No glittering wealth that stored the mine,
Will at thy father's death be thine.
The scanty portion earth bestows
Just lasts me to my journey's close!
But then, I feel I leave thee more
Than sparkling gems, or dazzling ore;
Thy heritage is worth them all—
Thy lines in pleasant places fall,
Thou hast the land of liberty,
Which I have fought to win for thee.
O, keep the dear bequest I make
Unsullied, for my memory's sake!
Let no usurping tyrant tread
Upon my low and peaceful bed—
No cringing slave retire to weep
For freedom, where my ashes sleep.
But when the hand of Time shall trace
His name in furrows on thy face;
When four-score years have plucked thy hair,
And bowed thy form their weight to bear;
When thou the minute-hand shalt see,
Pointing thy feet to follow me,
To God, and to thy country true,
Then, for a heavenly home in view,
Thou to thy son this land resign
As blessed and free, as I to mine."

TO MRS. L**,

With a little book of Poems in manuscript.

Although my foot could never tread
On proud Parnassus' lofty head,
And though I 've long essayed in vain
E'en on its side a seat to gain ;
I 've often knelt in supplication
Before the Muse for inspiration,
Who turned aside her partial ear,
And all my prayers refused to hear.
And, though my steps did never falter,
While seeking flowers to deck her altar,
Before the offerings could be made,
My voice grew faint, my wreaths would fade ;
My sacrifices were rejected,
Or passed unnoticed and neglected.
Though many an hour and many a day,
I 've sighed for power to sing and play ;
I never sought to strike the lyre
With half the feeling, half the fire
With which to-day I fain would sing,
And sweep for thee, the tuneful string—
For notes so deep, so sweet and clear,
As I would pour into thine ear !
And yet my voice was ne'er so low,
My trembling hand ne'er half so slow,

My fearful lyre so loth to pour
Its timid numbers forth, before!
Where genius, science, taste refined
Are centred in one favorite's mind,
And she may listen to a throng
Of all the darling sons of song,
It ill befits me to appear;
And if I come, 't is but with fear,—
The feeble taper's shrinking blaze
Amid the sun's resplendent rays!
I never wished for flowers so sweet
As I would scatter at thy feet.
But all I bring are wild and pale,
And humble natives of the vale,
Which I have plucked, where oft I stray,
On fancy's wild and devious way,
In playful, or in pensive mood,
As chanced to pass my solitude.

I know they soon would droop and die
Beneath the world's stern, withering eye.
But since thy wish is to receive them,
With joy, in trust, with thee I leave them;
Assured that thou desir'st to take
The *gift*, but for the *giver's* sake.
Of them I 've formed a small bouquet,
A keepsake, near thy heart to lay,
Because 't is there, I know full well,
That charity and kindness dwell.
And, in some lonely, silent hour,
When thou shalt yield to memory's power,

And let her fondly lead thee o'er
The scenes that thou hast past before,
To absent friends and days gone by,
Then, should they meet thy pensive eye,
A true memento may they be
Of one, whose bosom owes to thee
So many hours enjoyed in gladness,
That else perhaps had passed in sadness,
And many a golden dream of joy,
Untarnished and without alloy—
Of one whose eye looks back to view
The scenes that she has journeyed through,
And sees no spots more brightly shine,
Than those her feet have trod with thine;
Whose fervent prayer will ever be
"Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee!"

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I AM a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone,
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There 's none that can tell about my birth,
For I 'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That 's gone from sight, and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,

At length she said, in a gentle tone,
" Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel ! "
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak !
And, as it arose and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said,
" A modest Acorn ! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell ;
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup !
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth !
And oh ! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I !
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.

But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

IT SNOWS.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
Like little birds, that don't know why
They 're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us, on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall,
That has n't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.

But, now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it, as a cloud;
Or giant phantom in a shroud;
It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls,
At length, a mighty wing unfurls;
And then, away! but, where, none knows,
Or ever will.—It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then, out will come the golden sun:
And we shall see, upon the run

Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus, with life, it ever goes;
'T is shade and shine!—It snows! it snows!

A SABBATH AT NAHANT.

The sun has thrown his morning beams
  Against the cliffs, that fence the waves,
And down his mellow glory streams,
  Through narrow clefts and widening caves.

The mossy rock, the foamy surge,
  The pebbly beach and grassy height,
And site and cot, on ocean's verge,
  Are in a flood of sabbath light.

And yet, no sabbath bell I hear
  Say "Come! come! come! the shepherd waits,
Until his gathering flock draw near,
  To meet them at his temple gates!"

These rocks, sublime in silence, stand
  And point us to the house of prayer!
The deep gives out her loud command
  For man to praise her Ruler, there!

The light, that is its author's smile,
  This balmy air, God's hallowed day,
His finger in the heart the while,
  All to his altar show the way.

Now, by the willows, o'er the green,
  With ready feet, I pass to seek
His face, who laid this mighty scene,
  While all its parts his praises speak.

Here, on the margin of the sea,
The fane in simple beauty stands;
That minds us of eternity—
This, of the "house not made with hands"—

Where different tribes, from lands afar,
Shall to one happy home be led,
By light that beamed from Bethlehem's star,
To gather round one blessed Head.

Stranger by stranger takes a seat;
Our songs and aspirations blend;
Through various ways, we come to meet
Our common Parent, Lord and Friend.

And, that our inmost wants may cease,
And all the bosom's care and strife,
The servant of the Prince of peace
Presents to each the bread of life.

It is an hour of sacred calm,
Too bright and sweet on earth to waste,
While Heaven is pouring down its balm,
And manna falls, that all may taste.

Father, when life's short vale is crossed,
Within thy peaceful mansions grant,
That all may find we have not lost
This holy sabbath at Nahant!

THE SPOUTING HORN.

On the dark rock's steep
I stood, where the deep
By its view, like a mighty spell, bound me;
While the white foam-wreath
Was weaving beneath,
And the breeze from the waters played round me;

Then wave after wave,
To a low, narrow cave,
Came, as rest from a long journey seeking;
But, "out! out! out!"
Was the word, which the Spout
To its guests seemed eternally speaking.

And each billow seen
Rolling up, soft and green,
To the Horn, full of grace in its motion,
Now wild, as with fright,
Would return snowy white,
And rush, roaring, back to the ocean.

In vain did my eye,
By its search, seek to spy
The monarch of this gloomy dwelling,
Who thus, by the force
Of his voice, stern and hoarse,
The deep in her might was repelling.

What power could be there,
Shut from light, heat and air,
I asked, with the dumbness of wonder;
But, "Out!" was the word,
That alone could be heard,
And in sounds like the roaring of thunder!

O Time! Time! 't is thus,
Thou art sporting with us;
Our touch at thy shore proudly spurning.
To eternity we,
As the waves to the sea,
Are broken and restless returning!

THE LOST KITE.

"My kite! my kite! I've lost my kite!
Oh! when I saw the steady flight,
With which she gained her lofty height,
How could I know, that letting go
That naughty string, would bring so low
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,
To pass forever out of sight?

"A purple cloud was sailing by,
With silver fringes, o'er the sky;
And then, I thought, it seemed so nigh,
I'd make my kite go up and light
Upon its edge, so soft and bright;
To see how noble, high and proud
She'd look, while riding on a cloud!

"As near her shining mark she drew,
I clapped my hands; the line slipped through
My silly fingers; and she flew,
Away! away! in airy play,
Right over where the water lay!
She veered and fluttered, swung and gave
A plunge, then vanished with the wave!

"I never more shall want to look
On that false cloud, or babbling brook;
Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took

My dearest joy, to thus destroy
The pastime of your happy boy.
My kite! my kite! how sad to think
She flew so high, so soon to sink!"

"Be this," the mother said, and smiled,
"A lesson to thee, simple child!
And when by fancies vain and wild,
As that which cost the kite that's lost,
The busy brain again is crossed,
Of shining vapor then beware,
Nor trust thy joys to fickle air!

"I have a darling treasure, too,
That sometimes would, by slipping through
My guardian hands, the way pursue,
From which, more tight than thou thy kite,
I hold my jewel, new and bright,
Lest he should stray without a guide,
To drown my hopes in sorrow's tide!"

THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

"Come, grandfather, show how you carried your gun
To the field, where America's freedom was won,
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men;
And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,
Where the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirred, in the veteran's breast,
The embers of fire that had long been at rest.
The blood of his youth rushed anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his weary campaigns;
His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of four-score.

"I carried my musket, as one that must be
But loosed from the hold of the dead, or the free!
And fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,
In the hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame freely, I felt
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt!

"I sprinkled my blood upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum I trod.
From the fort, on the Hudson, our guns I depressed,
The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest.
I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes and White Plains,
And offered for freedom to empty my veins!

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st where I've been,
Why my brow is so furrowed, my locks white and thin—
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties, and sparkle like thine;
Or why so unstable this tremulous knee,
Who bore 'sixty years since,' such perils for thee?

"What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to start?
Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart!
It has not much longer to glow with the joy
I feel thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
A man, thou 'lt recall, what, a babe, thou art told."

THE RUIN.

O! WHERE are the faces that once so bright,
  Came in at these hingeless doors,
And the feet of the many, which then, so light
  Tripped over these mouldering floors?

Where then at the window used to appear,
  In beauty, the human form,
The paneless casement is void and drear,
  And open to wind and storm.

The tangled ivy a covering leaves,
  As it creeps o'er the sinking walls,
While the owlet hoots, and the spider weaves,
  Sole monarchs of these dim halls.

The eye where trembled the sparkling tear—
  The lip that was curled in mirth—
Where, where are they all, who once were here
  To people this crumbling hearth?

The dusky chambers, gloomy and lone,
  The breeze swept over and sighed;
While the voice of Time, from his dismal throne,
  The ruinous pile, replied,—

"The faces have changed, and been sent away!
  The feet have been long laid by!

The form has returned to its kindred clay,
And darkness has wrapped the eye!

"All, all, who were here, like the hurrying waves
That ride on the restless stream,
Have hastened away; have dropped in their graves;
Have finished life's changeful dream.

"'T is bootless now, to the lowly dead,
Who sleep in their beds of earth,
That their feet were light, that their tears were shed,
Or their lips were curled in mirth.

"Their splendor and mourning have both been cast
Far into the dust and shade;
And master and mansion my hand, at last,
In ruins alike hath laid.

"Yet man hath a spark forever to burn,
A part that I ne'er can kill;
When I bid his form to the earth return,
The spirit defies me, still.

"But I never must know, as the soul withdrew,
For me to dissolve the clay,
If joy or sorrow were hers in view,
Nor whither she winged her way.

"My sceptre is over these earthly things;
I raise, and I shake them down;
And nations, and empires, and chiefs and kings,
I conquer, and keep my crown.

" But I, in my turn, am to pass away;
My reign must at length be o'er,
When One, whose mandate e'en I must obey,
Commands me to *bė no more!* "

I said, " O Time! if thy work be such
With man and his earthly home,
I 'll place my treasures where, not thy touch,
Nor death's, is ever to come! "

THE VOICE.

THE voice—its melody touched the ear,
As a sound we should look toward heaven, to hear;
As the soft, rich light of the western sky,
Where the sun went down, will meet the eye.
And it made me think of a world afar,
Above the sun, and the evening star—
Of the odors of flowers that freight the air
With the notes of the bright ones warbling there.

Methinks, when the world looks void and dark—
When the waves of trouble ingulf my bark—
When the sky above me is black with wrath,
And the lightning is all that illumes my path;
While I set my feet but with doubt and dread;
When the friend that I loved is false or dead;
In fear, in sorrow, in pain or care,
I would hear that voice poured out in prayer.

When the storm is past, and the heavens look
bright,
While the clouds that I feared are dissolved in light—
When I smoothly glide o'er a peaceful sea,
With a breeze all fragrance and purity;
When the friend that I chose is the true one still,
Who adds to good, and who takes from ill;
In every joy that may gild my days,
I would hear that voice sent up in praise.

It was tuned for a rare and holy gift;
To pour in prayer, and in praise to lift;
And through the ear as it took control,
And wrought its charm o'er the spell-bound soul,
It came in a sound so sweet and deep,
It could soothe the heart, though the eye must weep.
But it was not made for the thoughtless mirth
Whose light is a blaze from the chaff of earth!

THE ALABASTER BOX.

And, who is she that, bearing
The Alabaster Box,
Is thus, neglected, wearing
Her long and silken locks?

Her form is fair, but o'er her
A shade of grief is cast,
That speaks of wo before her,
Or bitterness that 's past.

Oh! whither is she going?
And what is it to seek,
With sorrow's fountains flowing
On either pallid cheek?

Behold! her steps are tending
To him who sits at meat.
'T is Mary! see her bending
To weep at Jesus' feet!

And while her tears bestrew them,
As pearls that scatter there,
Her lips she presses to them,
And wipes them with her hair.

And, of a heart that 's broken
For sin that she forsakes,
She gives the precious token—
The alabaster breaks.

From ointment now, that's gushing
To pour on Jesus' head,
Sweet odors forth are rushing,
And round the dwelling spread.

But they, who see her spilling
The spikenard fresh and pure,
Rebuke her, as unwilling
To sell it for the poor.

While he, whose eye possesses
The hidden, inmost thought,
Pronounces good, and blesses
The work by Mary wrought.

He sees her heart is riven,
And bids her sorrow cease.
To them, he says, "Forgiven,
She shall depart in peace.

"The poor are with you ever!
For them your treasures save.
But she before we sever,
Anoints me for the grave!"

Fair penitent! when breaking
For thee, the stony tomb,
With sweeter odors waking,
Thy spirit he'll perfume!

THE EMPTY BIER.

Thou empty bier, that standest here
Alone, by the church-yard gate,
Say, whose the door thou'lt pause before
Thy burden next to wait?

The bier replied—"My range is wide,
And my hours of rest but few;
Yet, to One alone can the ways be known
That I must hence pursue.

"I first may seek her form, whose cheek
Is fresh in its maiden bloom,
On me to lie, with a rayless eye,
At the threshold of the tomb.

"The youth, who last sped by so fast,
With the nerve and the glow of health—
He next may find, that close behind
Death followed him by stealth.

"Or she, who smiled, when the lovely child
She was lately leading near,
With wonder stopped, and his lilies dropped,
To gaze at the sable bier—

"That mother may be called to lay
That beauteous boy on me,

In his morning hour, like the dewy flower
He lost, and as suddenly.

"Her own pale clay to bear away,
It next may be my lot;
She may close her eyes on her infant ties,
And her prattler be forgot.

"As I must call, in time, for all,
From the babe to the silver-haired,
Thy glance at me, perchance may be,
A hint to be prepared!"

THE LOST HYACINTH.

My hyacinth, my hyacinth
  At length has come to light!
And round the stalk and purple buds
  The leaves are green and bright!

Renewed in beauty it has broke
  From out the crumbling earth;
And, when I thought it dead and gone,
  It has another birth!

My hyacinth! my hyacinth!
  At last I 've found thee out.
Oh! where hast thou been hid so long?
  What hast thou been about?

"I 've been," the little hermit said,
  "Within my lowly cell;
And joy I 've had in quiet there,
  That tongue can never tell.

"In sweet communion with the power
  To which alone I trust,
I 've worshipped long at nature's shrine,
  Abased below the dust.

"This upper world I find a scene
  Of peril, change and strife;
And from seclusion I must draw
  My sweetest draught of life.

"I would not live, if ever thus,
Uncovered to the glare
Of yonder sun, I must be brushed
By ev'ry vagrant air.

"'T is best for me, and best for thee
That I should pass from sight,
To be a while in loneliness,
And hidden from the light.

"For I should lose my greatest worth
By being always here;
Thou would'st not feel the joy thou hast
To see me re-appear.

"From calm and humble solitude
My first attractions flow,
And, but for these, I were but poor,
Without a charm to show.

"But I 've come back to stand a while
In beauty to thine eye;
And when my flowers have gladdened thee,
They 'll be content to die.

"And, while thy hyacinth her sweets
Shall pour from every bell,
Remember she her fragrance gained
Within the lowly cell!"

ECHO.

"FATHER! father! come with me
  Down among the rocks!
Softly! for I long to see
  Who it is that mocks.
When I laugh, or sing, or call,
Some one there repeats it all."

"Ah! my child, thou dost not know
  All that's dear and true,
In this world of noise and show,
  Has its semblance too.
E'en a sound with joy in it
Will draw forth its counterfeit.

"Mid the dissonance of earth
  We so oft must hear,
Sweet the voice of infant mirth
  Falls upon the ear.
Mingled innocence and joy!
Blessed harmony, my boy.

"And, in heartless mockery,
  Echo now has caught
Tones of gladness sent from thee;
  While herself is nought
But the shadow of a sound,
Thrown from rocks and hills around.

"Be thou cautioned from to-day;
For thou yet must meet,
Here and there on life's rude way,
Many a fair deceit.
No illusion seek to trace
To her seeming dwelling-place.

"Here, while snares and pit-falls lie
Round on every part,
One is calling from on high,
"*Son, give me thy heart!*"
He will ne'er deceive nor mock,
Fly to Him, the LIVING ROCK!"

HYMN OF THE REAPERS.

Our Father, to fields that are white,
  Rejoicing, the sickle we bear,
In praises our voices unite
  To thee, who hast made them thy care.

The seed, that was dropped in the soil,
  We left, with a holy belief
In One, who, beholding the toil,
  Would crown it at length with the sheaf.

And ever our faith shall be firm
  In thee, who hast nourished the root;
Whose finger has led up the germ,
  And finished the blade and the fruit!

The heads, that are heavy with grain,
  Are bowing and asking to fall;
Thy hand is on mountain and plain,
  Thou Maker and Giver of all!

Thy blessings shine bright from the hills,
  The valleys thy goodness repeat;
And, Lord, 't is thy bounty that fills
  The arms of the reaper with wheat!

Oh! when with the sickle in hand,
  The angel thy mandate receives,
To come to the field with his band
  To bind up, and bear off thy sheaves,—

May we be as free from the blight,
  As ripe to be taken away,
As full in the ear, to thy sight,
  As that which we gather to-day!

Our Father, the heart and the voice
  Flow out their fresh off'rings to yield.
The Reapers! the Reapers rejoice,
  And send up their song from the field!

THE QUAKER.

The Quaker stood under his smooth broad-brim,
In the plain drab suit, that, simple and trim,
Was better than royal robes to him,
Who looked to the inward part,
And emptied his breast of the pride of birth,
Resigning the wealth and the honors of earth,
For the durable riches of matchless worth,
Reserved for the pure in heart.

And he heaved a sigh at the lofty look
Of the mitred head, o'er the gilded book,
And a view of the costly drapery took
With a meek and pitying eye.
"Alas!" said he, as he turned away
From the splendid temple, the grand display,
"What honor to worldly pomp they pay,
In the name of the King Most High!"

Then he looked around on his own proud land,
Where those of his faith were a suffering band
Enslaved in conscience, and under the hand
Of merciless power oppressed.
"I 'll seek," said the Quaker, "a happier shore,
Where I and my people may kneel before
The shrine we erect to the God we adore,
And none shall our rites molest!"

And, sick of the sounding of empty things,
The beggarly strife in the land of kings,
His dove-like spirit unfurled its wings
For a broad and venturous sweep:
They wafted him off, o'er billow and spray,
'Twixt the sea and the sky, on a pathless way,
To a beautiful sylvan scene, that lay
Far over the boiling deep.

And when he came down, unruffled and staid,
Where, along the skirts of the peaceful shade,
The Schuylkill and Delaware rolled, and made
Their sparkling waters unite,
The Indian sprang from his light canoe,
The bird to the topmost bough withdrew,
And the deer skipped up on the cliff, to view
The new and unseemly sight.

But the tomahawk dropped from the red man's hand,
When he saw the Quaker advance, and stand,
Presenting his purse, but to share the land
He had come to possess with him;
And scanning his mild and noble face,
Where goodness was most that his eye could trace,
He haughtily smiled at its hiding-place,
Far under the hat's broad brim.

"Thou 'lt find," said the Quaker, "in me and in mine,
But friends and brothers to thee and to thine,
Who abuse no power, and would draw no line
'Twixt the red man and the white,

Save the cord of love, as a sacred tie;
For our one great Father, who dwells on high,
Regards that child with an angry eye,
Who robs from his brother's right."

The Indian passed, and the Quaker stood,
The righteous lord of his shadowy wood,
Like the genius of thought, in his solitude;
Till his spirit, the inner man,
Become too mighty to be repressed
Beneath the drab on his ample breast,
Had moved; and simply, but neatly dressed,
Came forth, as his lips began,—

"I may not *swear*, but will *prophesy!*
This lofty forest, that towers so high,
Must bow; and its stately head will lie
On the lap of its mother earth.
When the woodman's axe shall its pride subdue,
And its branching honors the ground shall strew,
Then some of its parts may be reared anew,
To shelter the peaceful hearth.

"And some will go down upon distant seas,
Be firm in the tempest, and swift in the breeze,
While man and his treasures they waft with ease
And safety, the world around!
Some to a temple, the pious will raise,
That in a new house, the ancient of days
May hear, as his name, in prayer and in praise,
From the lips of his saints shall sound!

"Where now the poor Indian marks the sod
With offerings burnt to an unknown God,
By the Gospel light shall the paths be trod
To the courts of the Prince of peace.
And commerce is here to appoint her mart;
The marble will yield to the hand of art;
From the sun of science the rays will dart,
And the darkness of nature cease!"

And thus did the visions of prophecy
Arise and swell, to the prophet's eye,
Till it shone so bright, and had blazed so high,
That the gentle words, which hung
Like a string of pearls, from his cautious lip,
On their silver thread, he was fain to clip,
Lest something more than the truth might slip,
For once, from a Quaker's tongue.

But the trees quaked too, at the things he spoke;
For they felt that the "knee of the knotted oak"
Would bend, ere the word of a Quaker broke;
And they bowed and kissed the ground.
The hammer and axe had abjured repose,
And the mountains rang with their distant blows,
As the forest fell and the city rose,
And her beauty shone around.

For her laws—they were righteous, pure and plain,
As the warm in heart, and the cool in brain,
To bind the strong in a silken chain,
Could in wisdom and love devise.

The tongue needed not the bond of a vow,
And man to his fellow-worm did not bow,
Or doff the screen o'er his upright brow,
To any beneath the skies.

The Quaker went on, from land to land,
With the lowly heart and the open hand
Of one, who felt where he soon must stand,
And his final account give in.
For long had he made up his sober mind,
That he could not depart to leave mankind,
With the ample field of the earth behind,
No better that he had been.

And bright was the spot where the Quaker came,
To leave it his hat, his drab and his name,
That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame
Till her final blast shall die.
The city he reared from the sylvan shade,
His beautiful monument now is made;
And long have the rivers their pride displayed
In the scenes they are rolling by.

WASHINGTON.

When the warm sun comes o'er the eastern hills,
And his bright face the world with splendor fills,
Where are the stars that crowned the brow of night?
Drowned in his glory, dwindled out of sight!
So earth's great names will lessen one by one,
Fade and go out, in that of Washington;
Who took through life, his high, untrodden way,
Unmatched, as through the heaven's the orb of day.

Return, ye mighty, ye illustrious dead,
Whose shining deeds on history have shed
Its purest radiance—who from age to age,
Have left your names, as stars, upon the page
Of the world's annals! now return and play
Your parts again, and who shall wear the bay?
The wreath, that blooms without a blighted leaf,
Is on the forehead of our nation's chief!

Bring out your swords, ye warriors, from the hush
Of their long slumbers! while a thousand blush,
For madly clashing in the needless strife,
With blood that tells of wanton sport with life,
One *wisely-tempered*, shines without a stain!
Columbia's hero ne'er unsheathed in vain!
By noble means, he noble ends pursued,
Whose first great conquest was himself subdued.

Ye Patriots, come! and all your breasts unveil;
Show whose the flame that was the last to fail.
'T is his, who on *our* country's altar cast
His dearest private interests to the last;
Till self consuming for a people's right,
Rose like a cloud of incense, in the sight
Of earth and heaven, and, from a weary hand,
The baffled foeman dropped his harmless brand!

Statesmen and Sages! come and cluster round!
Who aimed so high, reflected so profound,
As our great Counsellor! His mental light
Shone for a people, gave a nation sight.
He, a fair pillar, by a Master hand,
Sublime towers o'er you, rock-based, firm and grand.
Wisdom, and strength, and beauty! these combined
To form the perfect structure of his mind.

Philanthropists, from every clime, draw near;
While in your midst we set your high compeer.
Rehearse your lives, and prove, if any can,
Who honored God, by purer love to man,
Than glowed within the bosom that is laid
In holy rest, beneath the cypress-shade,
Where Vernon gives our deathless Friend a tomb,
To slumber with his laurels all in bloom.

Souls of the just made perfect! which of you,
More just and perfect, bade the world adieu,
Than our immortal Chieftain? Here he bore
The high commission from his King to pour

The oil of joy upon a struggling land—
To give a nation being by his hand;
Yet, o'er the earth, with garments undefiled,
Walked before heaven, as a little child.

Spirit of Washington! though often told,
The story of thy deeds can ne'er grow old,
Till no young breast remains to be inspired,
And virtue, valor, greatness have expired.
But should the land, whose bondage thou hast broke,
Barter her freedom for another yoke,
Oh! look not down upon her! she will be
Debased, nor worth a father's smile from thee.

THE GREAT REFINER.

"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

'T is sweet to feel that he, who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies;
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal too destroy.

'T is good to think how well he knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal to which it goes;
And that, with skill and care,
He 'll take it from the fire, when fit
For his own hand to polish it.

'T is blessedness to know that he
The piece he has begun
Will not forsake, till he can see,
To prove the work well done,
An image, by its brightness shown,
The perfect likeness of his own.*

* Silver, undergoing the process of refining, suddenly assumes an appearance of great brilliancy, when purified, and reflects objects like a mirror.

But ah! how much of earthly mould,
  Dark relics of the mine,
Lost from the ore must he behold;
  How long must he refine,
Ere in the silver he can trace
The first faint semblance to his face.

Thou great Refiner! sit thou by
  Thy promise to fulfil:
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
  And melted at thy will,
O, may thy work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as thine!

THE WATERFALL.

Ye mighty waters, that have joined your forces,
  Roaring and dashing with this awful sound,
Here are ye mingled; but the distant sources
  Whence ye have issued, where shall they be
    found?

Who may retrace the ways that ye have taken,
  Ye streams and drops? who separate you all,
And find the many places ye 've forsaken,
  To come and rush together down the fall?

Through thousand, thousand paths have ye been
    roaming,
  In earth and air, who now each other urge
To the last point! and then, so madly foaming,
  Leap down at once, from this stupendous verge.

Some in the lowering cloud a while were centred,
  That in the stream beheld its sable face,
And melted into tears, that, falling, entered
  With sister waters on the sudden race.

Others, to light that beamed upon the fountain,
  Have from the vitals of the rock been freed,
In silver threads, that, shining down the mountain,
  Twined off among the verdure of the mead.

And many a flower that bowed beside the river,
In opening beauty, ere the dew was dried,
Stirred by the breeze, has been an early giver
Of her pure offering to the rolling tide.

Thus from the veins, through earth's dark bosom pouring,
Many have flowed in tributary streams;
Some, in the bow that bent, the sun adoring,
Have shone in colors borrowed from his beams.

But He, who holds the ocean in the hollow
Of his strong hand, can separate you all!
His searching eye the secret way will follow,
Of every drop that hurries to the fall!

We are, like you, in mighty torrents mingled,
And speeding downward to one common home;
Yet there's an eye that every drop hath singled,
And marked the winding ways through which we come.

Those who have here adored the Sun of heaven,
And shown the world their brightness drawn from him,
Again before him, though their hues be *seven*,
Shall blend their beauty, never to grow dim.

We bless the promise, as we thus are tending
Down to the tomb, that gives us hope to rise
Before the Power to whom we now are bending,
To stand his bow of glory in the skies!

WINTER AND SPRING.

"Adieu!" Father Winter sadly said
To the world, when about withdrawing,
With his old white wig half off his head,
And his icicle fingers thawing.

"Adieu! I am going to the rocks and caves,
And must leave all here behind me;
Or, perhaps I shall sink in the Northern waves,
So deep that none can find me."

"Good luck! good luck, to your hoary locks!"
Said the gay young Spring, advancing;
You may take your rest mid the caves and rocks,
While I o'er the earth am dancing.

"But there is not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard, and clumsy old fellow,
Not a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,
But I must make haste to mellow.

"And then I shall carpet them o'er with grass,
Which will look so bright and cheering,
That none will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and of hearing.

"The fountains that you locked up so tight,
When I shall give them a sunning,

Will sparkle and play with my warmth and light,
  And the streams will set to running.

"I 'll speak in the earth to the palsied root,
  That under your reign was sleeping;
I 'll teach it the way in the dark to shoot,
  And draw out the vine to creeping.

"The boughs, that you cased so close in ice
  It was chilling e'en to behold them,
I'll deck all over with buds so nice
  My breath can alone unfold them.

"And when all the trees are with blossoms dressed,
  The bird with her song so merry
Will come to the branches to build her nest,
  With a view to the future cherry.

"The earth will show by her loveliness,
  The wonders I am doing,
While the skies look down, with a smile, to bless
  The way that I 'm pursuing!"

Said Winter, "Then I would have you learn
  By me, my gay new-comer,
To push off too, when it comes your turn
  And yield your place to Summer!"

FOLLY MADE LEFT-HANDED.

Wit was fairly tired of play;
And the little archer lay
On a grassy bank, one day,
By a gurgling river.
Here, he thought he'd take a nap,
And to guard them from mishap,
In his mantle he would wrap
His golden bow and quiver.

Scarce a moment had he slept,
Ere upon his finger stepped
Some one, who was no adept
In the art of creeping.
Wit was ever quick to feel,
Soon he knew the heavy heel—
Folly came his bow to steal,
While he thought him sleeping.

He arose, and, "now" said he,
"Let my bow and arrows be,
Till their use you learn of me,
Folly, I beseech you!
But, if you would know my art,
And be skilful with the dart,
Let 's a moment stand apart,
So that I may teach you."

Folly moved a pace or two;
Wit took aim, and quickly drew—
"Whiz!" the arrow went, and flew,
  Fastening in his shoulder.
"Oh!" cried Folly, "Oh! I 'm dead!
Wounded both in heart and head!"
"You will live," Wit smiling said,
  "To be ages older.

"Banish every vain alarm,
You receive no other harm
Than a useless, palsied arm,
  For an hour of fooling.
Hence, of that right hand bereft,
Folly, you must use your left,
A memento of your theft,
  And my timely schooling!"

Wisdom saw the war begin
'Twixt the two so near akin,
And she would, by stepping in,
  Fain have made them wiser.
But, she was repelled by both,
Who, alike incensed and loath
To be tutored, took an oath
  Ever to despise her.

SUNRISE TO THE SLAVE.

Sun, from thy bed in the sea,
  Each morning I see thee arise;
But what is thy glory to me,
  Whose days are but measured by sighs?

The fringe of thy robe I behold
  Spread warm o'er the quivering wave,
But feel all is cheerless and cold,
  And night, in the breast of the slave.

When nature from slumber springs up,
  And the freshness of morning regains,
I see all the gall in my cup;
  I feel all the weight of my chains.

For, not till thy splendor, bright sun,
  Has faded and gone, in the west,
From toil ere thy rising begun
  Is the spirit-worn bondman to rest.

Shall He, whose pure image thou art,
  Be named by the impious tongue
Of one, who can banquet his heart
  On groans from humanity wrung?

Can He, who is brightness divine,
  Whose wings waft but healing and balm,

Behold a hand raised at his shrine,
With *slavery* marked on its palm?

Make haste, thou great day of account,
When the Light of the world shall appear,
Recalling his word on the mount,
And avenging the sufferer here!

Speed! speed, star of day, through the route
By nature allotted to thee!
When thou from the skies art struck out,
Will come that blest Sunrise to me!

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Dead! Is he then silent, and pale and cold,
Like common, unenveid clay?
That golden bowl broken, and loosed the hold
Of the silver cord?—as a tale that 's told,
Has that brilliant star passed away?

Has the great magician so soon resigned
The wand that he used at will,
To move the springs of the strongest mind,
The deepest fount of the soul to find,
And the world by its touch to thrill?

It parted the sable waves that sweep
Across oblivion's sea,
And brought up to light, from that fearful deep,
The things that for ages it had to keep,
In their primal identity.

It broke the seal of the secret tomb!—
It opened the graves of men,
It made their ashes their fire resume,
And touched them with beauty and life and bloom,
Till they breathed and they moved again!

Time! what hast thou to do with one,
Who knew not a wasted hour—

Whose pen with the sands of thy glass could run
And show at each turning a miracle done,
A work that defies thy power?

And bright is the lustre his hand has shed
O'er the world that must claim him still;
For, though from our vision his form has fled,
His mind is here, and we own not dead,
What death has not power to kill.

No—while the earth for the tale of wo
Has a bosom to heave a sigh;
An eye to beam, or a heart to glow
At the debt of joy that to thee we owe,
Sir Walter, thou canst not die!

Thou 'lt still give wings to the lonely hour,
A spell to the calm retreat,—
Thou 'lt be the charm in the lady's bower,
And life's rude path with many a flower
Bestrew for the pilgrim's feet!

Yes, mighty spirit! most warm and free
Are our thanks for so blest a lot,
As gave us our day upon earth with thee;
And thousands and thousands, yet to be,
Will honor the Shade of Scott!

IMITATIONS OF THE SCOTTISH.

ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

Wee, bonnie bud, how didst thou dare
To shoot amid this scene o' care;
Upon the shore o' time to stand
A' feeble frae thy Maker's hand;
Where thou maun tak' the dews that fa',
The frosts that chill, the blasts that blaw;
While mony a tint o' sun an' shade
Will on thy tender leaves be laid,
As they are openin' saft an' new,
A' spotless, to receive their hue?

Thou art a lovely, shinin' gem,
Alane upon thy parent stem;
Where Heaven permit thee lang to bide,
Its joy, its ornament an' pride!
An' may this warld o' vice and pain,
Withhaud frae thee its blight an' stain,
An' let thee catch unsullied dyes,
An' draw thine odors frae the skies!

Avert thee frae the noisome weed,
An' let thy heart nae canker feed;
But keep thy health an' strength secure—
Thy head erect—thy bosom pure;
That he, wha gied the blossom birth,
May hae the fruit mature frae earth!

THE SILLER PEN.

I TELL you what! twixt frien' an' frien',
I dinna like the siller pen.
An', sin' my reason ye wad ken,
  Tho' odd enough, I 'll gie it.
It is too perfect—ilka part
It does, is wi' sic care an' art,
There 's nae a particle o' heart
  Or feelin' gangin wi' it!

'T is nae the siller I despise;
For poortith loud an' daily cries;
An', if I had but mair supplies,
  I 'd then feel a' the better.
But, tho' 't wad truly glad my een
To see its bright an' cheerfu' sheen,
My purse's hollow sides between,
  Ise shun it in the letter!

I wad na see the new-born thought,
Laid on the sheet, sae stiff an straught,
As if 't were dead, an' cauld; an' brought
  Before me for interment.
I like the gracefu', yieldin nib,
To gang sae careless an' sae glib,
An' shoot my fancies, like a squib,
  Just while they 're in the ferment!

An', whiles (ye 've, aiblins, felt the pain,)
I wait upon the tardy brain
For something I can ne'er obtain,
  An' founder'd a' thegither;
I like, if I can do nae mair,
To hae the quill to scrape an' pare,
An' find the faut o' dullness there,
  In honest Goosie's feather.

For nature's laws maun be obey'd,
An' this is ane she strictly laid
On ilka saul she ever made,
  Down frae our earliest mither:
"Be sel your first an' greatest care—
Frae a' reproach the darlin spare,
An' ony blame, that she should bear,
  Pit off upon anither!"

Had nature ta'en a second thought,
A better precept she had taught;
An' guid instead o' evil wrought
  By those the power possessin!
For, sel had been pit out o' sight,
The love o' ithers brought to light:
In short, the wrang had a' been right,
  An' man to man a blessin!

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

THE sun, my frien,' has reached the west,
And now the pensive gloamin,
Wi' thoughts o' a' I lo'e the best,
Is fast upon me comin;
Sae, now I tak my fitfu' pen,
Ere yet the stars are blinkin,
And set me down to let ye ken
On whom I *maist* am thinkin.

Sin dearest friends maun often part,
He well deserved a blessin,
Wha taught the warld the scribblin art,
Sae richly worth possessin;
For when awa our lo'ed anes gang,
By this we proof can gie 'em,
That to our hearts, nae gate's sae lang
But they can gang it wi' 'em.

My Musie 's coy, as ye maun see,
And mickle seeks to shun me;
But, Ise just keep her i' my e'e,
Tho, she may quite outrun me.
And should my verse be unco lame,
I hope ye' ll na reject it,
But tak' it a' in friendship's name;
And, charity protect it!

I hope ye 're well, an' braw, an' gay,
An' thinkin o' returnin—
That ye 'll come hame as blithe as May,
And rosy as its mornin;
And when we get ye safely back,
A' fu' o' glee to find ye;
To see ye smile, an' hear ye crack,
'Bout things ye 've left behind ye.

I fain wad think o' something new
Wi' us, that 's worth disclosin,
But havin sma' or nought to do,
Our warld has fa'en a dozin.
And life is like a standin pool,
Sae void o' sound an' motion,
Ye 'd think the betherel, wi' his shool,
Had paid us a' devotion.

Wi' mickle loss o' this warld's gear
The hand o' Gude has tried us,
And wealth an' commerce languish here,
And seem a' maist denied us.
Our dwellins, as ye 've seen o' late,
Leuk waur for time an' weather;
They and their ainers ha'e ane gate
An' meet decay thegither.

But nature's warks are bright an' fair,
Tho' art's are gaun to ruin,
As if she 'd mak' some kind repair
Where poortith's haun's undoin.

For, greener grass was never prest
  Aneath the foot o' Adam,
Nor sweeter flowers could e'er ha'e drest
  The bosom o' his madam,

Than those that spring an' bud an' blaw,
  A beauteous garment throwin
O'er ilka chink an' broken wa',
  To keep the gaps fra showin.
And clear our sparklin burnie glides,
  While down to ocean gangin,
As if, along its shinin sides,
  A' Eden's fruits were hangin.

Our trees wi' shade our walks supply,
  While scorchin heat oppresses;
And when the simmer sun 's gaen by,
  They doff their coolin' dresses.
Our bonnie birds their boughs amang
  Their artless sangs are singin,
And daily to their callow young
  Some kind refreshment bringin.

And, when as now, the night is seen
  O'er a' creation closin,
Within their nest they close their een,
  Their weary wings reposin.
And could I tell our birdies' dreams,
  Perchance they might amuse ye,
But tho' sae sma' the favor seems,
  'T is what I mann refuse ye.

For 't is nae late, the siller moon
Has spread her shinin banner;
By her an' a' that 's bright aboon,
I 'm still your constant Hannah.
P. S. My name was ne'er, I need nae tell,
A ward to sair the poet,
And, but for this, ye bear 't yoursel,
In verse I wad nae show it!

GREETIN MARY.

"Where are ye gaun sae lane an' late,
While fast the dew fa's o'er the lea?
Say, lassie, hae ye tint your gate,
That hangs sic pearls at either e'e?"

"Ah! no—my path I ken fu' weel,
For oft it feels my lanely feet;
At ilka gloamin hour I steal
To ane dear spot to sigh an' greet.

"'T is there I haste these tears to drap
Among the tall, saft grass that sweeps
Alang the clods o' earth's hard lap,
Where, pale an' cauld, my Jemmie sleeps.

"The lee-lang day I wear a smile,
To hide the marks o' dool an' care;
But wish this achin heart, the while,
Wad bleed to death an' throb nae mair.

"But, when the e'enin shades draw near,
An' nane my dreary gate may tent,
When, why I roam, there 's nane to spier,
To yon green grave my steps are bent.

"An' there my Jemmie's ghaist I meet,
To talk o' joys forever fled;

I pour my sorrows forth like weet,
An' lang to mingle wi' the dead!

"Ah! why does fate delight to break
The warmest hearts—the strongest ties?
Why will not earth my ashes tak'
An' let my saul to Jemmie rise?"

THE BELLWORT.

Look up, look up, thou timid thing,
Nor let thy head sae pensive hing!
I am nae tyrant come to wring
  Thee frae the earth.
Thou art the daughter o' a King—
  O' royal birth!

An' he wha fashioned me to think,
Maks suns to shine, an' starnies blink—
Gies ilka root in earth its drink
  An' daily fare!
So, dinna fear he 'll let thee sink
  Below his care.

For, tho' he formed thy slender bell
To drap within the laighlie dell,
He kens an' lo'es thee just as well
  As the tall tree,
That, proud as if it made itsel
  Towers over thee.

An', wha that sees his finger move,
To turn the spheres that roll above,
Will need a word o' mine to prove
  That, in his sight,
Thou an' the cedar o' the grove
  Are like in height?

But then, he 'd hae thee be content
To live an' die where thou wert sent;
An' ne'er get a' unwisely bent
  To quit the place
Whilk thy Creator ever meant
  That thou should'st grace.

Like thee, should ilka virtuous mind,
Where fa's its lot, there be resign'd,
Tho' humble here, it soon will find
  That in the sequel,
The haughtiest laird o' human kind
  Is but its equal!

TO AUTUMN.

By the sorrowfu' look o' the hill an' the glen,
A' stripp'd o' the pride o' the simmer again,
I ken ye hae come wi' your hoarse, rude breath,
And pit the green grass an' sweet flowers a' to death.

Ye wad nae gie a drop o' bright glistenin dew
To soften the spot where the violet grew—
An' drooping an' pale, she has pillow'd her head
Mid your cauld, cauld frost, on her hard death-bed.

The bird wi' her sang, ye hae bidden to flee
Frae the comfortless branch o' the shiverin tree;
While, restless an' harmless, the yellow leaves fly
'Twixt the dool o' the earth and the scowl o' the sky!

Ye hae torn the fond tendrils, that closely wad twine
To haud up their parent, the languishin vine,
An', there 's nae a sweet thing the mild simmer could cherish,
But your sharp fingers nip, till ye ken it maun perish.

An', when ye hae finished your pitiless doins,
An' the fields are a' scattered wi' death an' wi' ruins,
Cauld winter will come, wi' his snaw an' his sleet,
To hide them frae sight wi' a white windin-sheet.

How mickle to man are misfortune an' grief,
Like yoursel to the earth, when ye part branch an' leaf!
For when the cauld blasts o' adversity blaw,
Every sweet flower o' joy frae his bosom maun fa'.

Wi' care he is wasted, an' weary, an' worn—
The ties o' affection are loosened an' torn,
Till the spark o' his life, 'mid the ruins, will fail,
An' his ashes are gien to the clods o' the vale.

Yet, he may go down in full hope o' the dawn,
Ayont the dark tomb, o' eternity's morn;
Where your stern chillin features nae mair will be seen,
An' the flowers are a' deathless—the fields ever green.

THE SEALING WAX.

Bright guardian o' the thoughts o' men!
Sin I maun fasten up, an' sen'
To ither een, the things my pen
    Has been about,
I wish ye, just for surety's sake,
To blaze an' rin, then stap an' take
My seal, to bind ye na to break,
    An' let them out.

For, be my whimsies great or sma',
I wad na let them loose, to fa'
Where a' the idle wins that blaw,
    To whirl the stoure,
May toss them round from mou to mou,
Wi' different nature, form an' hue,
To come frae ilk they 're hurried through,
    An' a' ground o'er.

This warld 's a curious ane enough;
An', weel supplied wi' kindling-stuff,
It winna quench, while it can puff
    The reekin flax.
An' what could pass through smoke an' flame,
An' like yoursel, come out the same,
In beauty, virtue, hue an' name,
    My cannie wax?

I wadna ca' the warld unfair,
Or wrang it in a single hair;
But, wha kens maist o't, kens the mair
How oft it slips,
For want o' rectitude or thought,
Sae far upon the side o' faut,
That truth is seldom pure or straught
Between its lips.

I winna judge the warld's intent;
But then, its een are sae asklent,
The fairest things leuk foul an' bent,
The foulest, fair.
I canna, therefore, now foresee
What sort o' things my thoughts wad be,
If robbed o' their identity
By gettin' air.

Gin folk wad kindly let alane
A neighbor's wark, to tent their ain,
Ye wad na hae to thus sustain
A martyr's fate,
By bein' burnt to prove how fast
Ye 'll haud your virtue to the last,
Like precious gowd, until ye 're past
Your distant gate.

But, sin I hope the world will men',
We winna let it ever ken
What I hae whispered as a frien',
Tho' strictly true.

Gang now, an' guard these secrets weel!
May *ane*, who breaks ye, ca' ye "leal,"
For what, when broken, ye reveal!
Adieu! Adieu!

THE END.